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*Adam Watson*

# SAINT ABE AND HIS SEVEN WIVES:

A Tale of Salt Lake City.

[*Buchanan, Robert  
Williams*]



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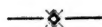
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## TO OLD DAN CHAUCER.

---

*Maypole dance and Whitsun ale,  
Sports of peasants in the dale,  
Harvest mirth and junketting,  
Fireside play and kiss-in-ring,  
Ancient fun and wit and ease,—  
Gone are one and all of these ;  
All the pleasant pastime planned  
In the green old Mother-land :  
Gone are these and gone the time  
Of the breezy English rhyme,  
Sung to make men glad and wise  
By great Bards with twinkling eyes ;  
Gone the tale and gone the song  
Sound as nut-brown ale and strong,  
Freshening the sultry sense  
Out of idle impotence,*

DEDICATION.

*Sowing features dull or bright  
With deep dimples of delight !*

*Thro' the Mother-land I went,  
Seeking these, half indolent ;  
Up and down, I saw them not ;  
Only found them half-forgot,  
Buried in long-darken'd nooks  
With thy barrels of old books,  
Where the light of love and mirth  
Of the morning days of earth  
Sleeps, like light of sunken suns  
Brooding deep in cob-web'd tuns !  
Everywhere I found instead,  
Hanging her dejected head,  
Barbing shafts of bitter wit,  
The pale Modern Spirit sit—  
While her shadow, great as Gog's,  
Cast upon the island fogs,  
In the midst of all things dim  
Loom'd, gigantically grim.*

DEDICATION.

*Honest Chaucer, thee I greet  
In a verse with blithesome feet,  
And tho' modern bards may stare,  
Crack a passing joke with Care!  
Take a merry song and true  
Fraught with inner meanings too!  
Goodman Dull may croak and scowl;—  
Leave him hooting to the owl!  
Tight-laced Prudery may turn  
Angry back with eyes that burn,  
Reading on from page to page  
Scrofulous novels of the age!  
Fools may frown and humbugs rail,  
Not for them I tell the Tale;  
Not for them, but such as thee.  
Wise old English JOLLITY!*

*Newport, October, 1871.*

APPROACHING UTAH.—THE BOSS'S TALE.

I.

PASSING THE RANCHE.

"GRRR!" shrieked the boss, with teeth clench'd  
tight,

Just as the lone ranche hove in sight,  
And with a face of ghastly hue  
He flogged the horses till they flew,  
As if the devil were at their back,  
Along the wild and stony track.  
From side to side the waggon swung,  
While to the quaking seat I clung.  
Dogs barked; on each side of the pass  
The cattle grazing on the grass  
Raised heads and stared; and with a cry  
Out the men rushed as we roll'd by.

“Grrr!” shriek'd the boss ; and o'er and o'er  
He flogg'd the foaming steeds and swore ;  
Harder and harder grew his face  
As by the ranche we swept apace,  
And faced the hill, and past the pond,  
And gallop'd up the height beyond,  
Nor tighten'd rein till field and farm  
Were hidden by the mountain's arm  
A mile behind ; when, hot and spent,  
The horses paused on the ascent,  
And mopping from his brow the sweat,  
The boy glanced round with teeth still set,  
And panting, with his eyes on me,  
Smil'd with a look of savage glee.

Joe Wilson is the boss's name,  
A Western boy well known to fame.  
He goes about the dangerous land  
His life for ever in his hand ;

Has lost three fingers in a fray,  
Has scalp'd his Indian too they say ;  
Between the white man and the red  
Four times he hath been left for dead ;  
Can drink, and swear, and laugh, and brawl,  
And keeps his big heart thro' it all  
Tender for babes and women.

He

Turned, smiled, and nodded savagely ;  
Then, with a dark look in his eyes  
In answer to my dumb surprise,  
Pointed with jerk of the whip's heft  
Back to the place that we had left,  
And cried aloud,

“I guess you think  
I'm mad, or vicious, or in drink.  
But theer you're wrong. I never pass  
The ranche down theer and bit of grass,  
I never pass 'em, night nor day,  
But the fit takes me jest that way !

The hosses know as well as me  
What's coming, miles afore we see  
The dern'd old corner of a place,  
And they git ready for the race!  
Lord! if I *didn't* lash and sweer,  
And ease my rage out passing theer,  
Guess I should go clean mad, that's all.  
And thet's the reason why I call  
This turn of road where I am took  
Jest Old Nick's Gallop!"

Then his look  
Grew more subdued yet darker still;  
And as the horses up the hill  
With loosen'd rein toil'd slowly, he  
Went on in half soliloquy,  
Indifferent almost if I heard,  
And grimly grinding out each word.

II.

JOE WILSON GOES A-COURTING.

“There was a time, and no mistake,  
When thet same ranche down in the brake  
Was pleasanter a heap to me  
Than any sight on land or sea.  
The hosses knew it like their master,  
Smelt it miles orf, and spanked the faster!  
Ay, bent to reach thet very spot,  
Flew till they halted steaming hot  
Sharp opposite the door, among  
The chicks and children old and young;  
And down I'd jump, and all the go  
Was ‘Fortune, boss!’ and ‘Welcome, Joe!’  
And Cissy with her shining face,  
Tho’ she was missus of the place,

Stood larfing, hands upon her hips ;  
And when upon her rosy lips  
I put my mouth and gave her one,  
She'd cuff me and enjy the fun !  
She was a widow young and tight,  
Her chap had died in a free fight,  
And here she lived, and round her had  
Two chicks, three brothers, and her dad,  
All making money fast as hay,  
And doing better every day.  
Waal ! guess tho' I was peart and swift,  
Spoonning was never much my gift ;  
But Cissy was a gal so sweet, ,  
So fresh, so spicy, and so neat,  
It put your wits all out o' place,  
Only to star' into her face.  
Skin whiter than a new-laid egg,  
Lips full of juice, and sech a leg !  
A smell about her morn and e'en,  
Like fresh-bleach'd linen on a green ;

And from her hand when she took mine,  
The warmth ran up like sherry wine ;  
And if in liquor I made free  
To pull her larfing on my knee,  
Why, there she'd sit, and feel so nice,  
Her heer all scent, her breath all spice !  
See ! women hate, both young and old,  
A chap that's over shy and cold,  
And fire of all sorts kitches quick,  
And Cissy seem'd to feel full slick  
The same fond feelings, and at last  
Grew kinder every time I passed ;  
And all her face, from eyes to chin,  
Said ' Bravo, Joe ! You're safe to win !'  
And tho' we didn't fix, d'ye see,  
In downright *words* that it should be,  
Ciss and her fam'ly understood  
That she and me would jine for good.  
Guess I was like a thirsty boss  
Dead beat for days, who comes across

A fresh clear beck, and on the brink  
Scoops out his shaky hand to drink ;  
Or like a gal or boy of three,  
With eyes upon a pippin-tree ;  
Or like some Injun cuss who sees  
A bottle of rum among the trees,  
And by the bit of smouldering log,  
Where squatters camp'd and took their grog  
The night afore. Waal !" (here he ground  
His teeth again with savage sound)  
"Waal, stranger, fancy, jest for fun,  
The feelings of the thirsty one,  
If, jest as he scoop'd out his hand,  
The water turn'd to dust and sand !  
Or fancy how the lad would scream  
To see thet fruit-tree jest a dream !  
Or guess how thet poor Injun cuss  
Would dance and swear, and screech and fuss,  
If, when he'd drawn the cork and tried  
To get a gulp of rum inside.

*JOE WILSON GOES A-COURTING.*

11

'Twarn't anything in thet theer style,  
But physic stuff or stinking ile!  
Ah! you've a notion now, I guess,  
Of how all ended in a mess,  
And how when I was putting in  
My biggest card and thought to win,  
The Old One taught her how to cheat,  
And yer I found myself, clean beat!"

III.

SAINT AND DISCIPLE.

Joe Wilson paused, and gazed straight down,  
With gritting teeth and bitter frown,  
And not till I entreated him  
Did he continue,—fierce and grim,  
With knitted brow and teeth clench'd tight.

“Along this way one summer night,  
Jest as I meant to take the prize,  
Passed an APOSTLE—dern his eyes!  
On his old pony, gravel-eyed,  
His legs a-dangling down each side,  
With twinkling eyes and wheedling smile,  
Grinning beneath his broad brimm'd tile,

With heer all scent and shaven face.  
He came a-trotting to the place.  
My luck was bad, I wasn't near,  
But busy many a mile from yer;  
And what I tell was told to me  
By them as were at hand to see.  
'Twarn't every day, I reckon, they  
Saw an Apostle pass their way!  
And Cissy, being kind o' soft,  
And empty in the upper loft,  
Was full of downright joy and pride  
To hev thet saint at her fireside—  
One of the seventy they call  
The holiest holy—dern 'em all!  
O he was 'cute and no mistake,  
Deep as Salt Lake, and wide awake!  
Theer at the ranche three days he stayed,  
And well he knew his lying trade.  
'Twarn't long afore he heard full free  
About her larks and thet with me,

And how 'twas quite the fam'ly plan  
To hev me for her second man.  
At fust thet old Apostle said  
Little, but only shook his head;  
But you may bet he'd no intent  
To let things go as things had went.  
Three nights he stayed, and every night  
He squeezed her hand a bit more tight;  
And every night he didn't miss  
To give a loving kiss to Ciss;  
And tho' his fust was on her brow,  
He ended with her mouth, somehow.  
O, but he was a knowing one,  
The Apostle Hiram Higginson!  
Grey as a badger's was his heer,  
His age was over sixty year  
(Her grandfather was little older),  
So short, his head just touch'd her shoulder;  
His face all grease, his voice all puff,  
His eyes two currants stuck in duff;—

Call thet a man !—then look at *me* !  
Thretty year old and six foot three,  
Afeard o' nothing morn nor night,  
The man don't walk I wouldn't fight !  
Women is women ! Thet's their style—  
Talk *reason* to them and they'll bile ;  
But baste 'em soft as any pigeon,  
With lies and rubbish and religion ;  
Don't talk of flesh and blood and feeling,  
But Holy Ghost and blessed healing ;  
Don't name things in too plain a way,  
Look a heap warmer than you say,  
Make 'em believe they're serving true  
The Holy Spirit and not you,  
Prove all the world but you's damnation,  
And call your kisses jest salvation ;  
Do this, and press 'em on the sly,  
You're safe to win 'em. Jest you try !  
“Fust thing I heerd of all this game,  
One night when to the ranche I came,

Jump'd down, ran in, saw Cissy theer,  
And thought her kind o' cool and queer;  
For when I caught her with a kiss,  
'Twarn't that she took the thing amiss,  
But kept stone cool and gev a sigh,  
And wiped her mouth upon the sly  
On her white milkin'-apron. 'Waal,'  
Says I, 'you're out o' sorts, my gal !'  
And with a squeamish smile for me,  
Like folks hev when they're sick at sea,  
Says she, 'O, Joseph, ere too late,  
I am awaken'd to my state—  
How pleasant and how sweet it is  
To be in such a state of bliss !'  
I stared and gaped, and turned to Jim  
Her brother, and cried out to him,  
'Hullo, mate, what's the matter here ?  
What's come to Cissy ? Is she *queer* ?'  
Jim gev a grin and answered 'Yes,  
A trifle out o' sorts, I guess.'

But Cissy here spoke up and said,  
 'It ain't my stomach, nor my head,  
 It ain't my flesh, it ain't my skin,  
 It's holy *spirits* here within !'  
 'Waal,' says I, meanin' to be kind,  
 'I must be off, for I'm behind ;  
 But next time that I pass this way  
 We'll fix ourselves without delay.  
 I know what your complaint is, Ciss,  
 I've seen the same in many a miss,  
 Keep up your spirits, thet's your plan,  
 You're lonely here without a man,  
 And you shall hev as good a one  
 As e'er druv hoss beneath the sun !'  
 At that I buss'd her with a smack,  
 Turn'd out, jump'd up, and took the track,  
 And larfing druv along the pass.

"Theer ! Guess I was as green as grass !"

IV.

THE BOOK OF MORMON.

"'Twas just a week after thet day  
When down I druv again this way.  
My heart was light; and 'neath the box  
I'd got a shawl and two fine frocks  
For Cissy. On in spanking style  
The hosses went mile arter mile;  
The sun was blazing golden bright,  
The sunflowers burning in the light,  
The cattle in the golden gleer  
Wading for coolnèss everywheer  
Among the shinin' ponds, with flies  
As thick as pepper round their eyes  
And on their heads. See! as I went  
Whistling like mad and waal content,

Altho' 'twas broad bright day all round,  
A cock crow'd, and I thought the sound  
Seem'd pleasant. Twice or thrice he  
crow'd,

And then up to the ranche I rode.  
Since then I've often heerd folk say  
When a cock crows in open day  
It's a *bad sign*, announcin' clear  
Black luck or death to those thet hear.

"When I drew up all things were still.  
I saw the boys far up the hill  
Tossin' the hay; but at the door  
No Cissy stood as oft afore.  
No, not a soul there, left or right,  
Her very chicks were out o' sight.  
So down I jump'd, and 'Ciss!' I cried,  
But not a sign of her outside.  
With thet into the house I ran,  
But found no sight of gel or man—

All empty. Thinks I, 'this is queer!'—  
Look'd in the dairy—no one theer;  
Then loiter'd round the kitchen track  
Into the orchard at the back:  
Under the fruit trees' shade I pass'd, . . .  
Thro' the green bushes, . . . and at last  
Found, as the furthest path I trode,  
The gel I wanted. Ye . . . s! by ——!

"The gel I wanted—ay, I found  
More than I wanted, you'll be bound!  
Theer, seated on a wooden cheer,  
With bows and ribbons in her heer,  
Her hat a-swinging on a twig  
Closs by, sat Ciss in her best rig,  
And at her feet that knowing one,  
The Apostle Hiram Higginson!  
They were too keen to notice me,  
So I held back behind a tree

And watch'd 'em. Never night nor day  
Did I see Cissy look so gay,  
Her eyes all sparkling blue and bright,  
Her face all sanctified delight.  
She hed her gown tuck'd up to show  
Embrider'd petticoat below,  
And jest a glimpse, below the white,  
Of dainty leg in stocking tight  
With crimson clocks; and on her knee  
She held an open book, which he,  
Thet dern'd Apostle at her feet,  
With her low milking stool for seat,  
Was reading out all clear and pat,  
Keeping the place with finger fat;  
Creeping more close to book and letter  
To feel the warmth of his text better,  
His crimson face like a cock's head  
With his emotion as he read,  
And now and then his eyes he'd close  
Jest like a cock does when he crows!

Above the heads of thet strange two  
The shade was deep, the sky was blue,  
The place was full of warmth and smell,  
All round the fruit and fruit-leaves fell,  
And that Saint's voice, when all was  
still,  
Was like the groanin' of a mill.

“At last he stops for lack of wind,  
And smiled with sarcy double-chinn'd  
Fat face at Cissy, while she cried,  
Rocking herself from side to side,  
‘O Bishop, them are words of bliss!’  
And then he gev a long fat kiss  
On her warm hand, and edged his stool  
Still closer. Could a man keep cool  
And see it? Trembling thro' and thro'  
I walked right up to thet theer two,  
And caught the dern'd old lump of duff  
Jest by the breeches and the scruff,

And chuck'd him off, and with one kick  
Sent his stool arter him right slick—  
While Cissy scream'd with frighten'd face  
'Spare him! O spare that man of grace!'

"'Spare him!' I cried, and gev a shout,  
'What's this yer shine you air about—  
What cuss is this that I jest see  
With that big book upon your knee,  
Cuddling up close and making sham  
To read a heap of holy flam?'  
Then Cissy clasp'd her hands, and said,  
While that dern'd Saint sat fierce and  
red,  
Mopping his brow with a black frown,  
And squatting where I chuck'd him down,  
'Joe Wilson, stay your hand so bold,  
Come not a wolf into the fold;  
Forbear to touch that holy one—  
The Apostle Hiram Higginson.'

'Touch him,' said I, 'for half a pin  
I'd flay and quarter him and skin!  
Waal may he look so white and skeer'd,  
For of his doings I have heerd;  
Five wives he hev already done,  
And him—not half the man for one!'

"And then I stoop'd and took a peep  
At what they'd studied at so deep,  
And read, for I can read a bit,  
'The Book of Mormon'—what was writ  
By the first saint of all the lot,  
Mad Joseph, him the Yankees shot.  
'What's the contents of this yer book?'  
Says I, and fixed her with a look.  
'O Joe,' she answered, 'read aright,  
It is a book of blessed light—  
Thet holy man expounds it clear;  
Edification great is theer!'

Then, for my blood was up, I took  
One kick at thet infernal book,  
And tho' the Apostle guv a cry,  
Into the well I made it fly,  
And turning to the Apostle cried,  
'Tho' thet theer Scriptur' is your guide,  
You'd best depart without delay,  
Afore you sink in the same way!  
And sure as fate you'll wet your skin  
If you come courting yer agin !'

"At first he stared and puff'd and blew,—  
'Git out!' I cried, and off he flew,  
And not till he was out o' reach  
Shook his fat fist and found his speech.  
I turned to Cissy. 'Cicely Dunn,'  
Ses I, 'is this a bit of fun  
Or eernest?' Reckon 'twas a sight  
To see the way she stood upright,

Rolled her blue eyes up, tried to speak,  
Made fust a giggle, then a squeak,  
And said half crying, 'I despise  
Your wicked calumnies and lies,  
And what you would insinuate  
Won't move me from my blessed state.  
Now I perceive in time, thank hiven,  
You are a man to anger given,  
Jealous and vi'lent. Go away!  
And when you recollect this day,  
And those bad words you've said to me,  
Blush if you kin. Tehee! tehee!'  
And then she sobbed, and in her cheer  
Fell crying: so I felt quite queer,  
And stood like a dern'd fool, and star'd  
Watching the pump a-going hard;  
And then at last, I couldn't stand  
The sight no more, but slipt my hand  
Sharp into hers, and said quite kind,  
'Say no more, Cissy—never mind;

I know how queer you women's ways is—  
Let the Apostle go to blazes !'  
Now thet was plain and fair. With this  
I would have put my arm round Ciss.  
But Lord ! you should have seen her face,  
When I attempted to embrace ;  
Sprang to her feet and gev a cry,  
Her back up like a cat's, her eye  
All blazing, and cried fierce and clear,  
'You villain, touch me if you deer !'  
And just then in the distance, fur  
From danger, a voice echoed her,—  
The dern'd Apostle's, from some place  
Where he had hid his ugly face,—  
Crying out faint and thick and clear,  
'Yes, villain, touch her if you deer !'

So riled I was, to be so beat,  
I could have struck her to my feet.

I didn't tho', tho' sore beset—  
I never struck a woman yet.

“But off I walked right up the pass,  
And found the men among the grass,  
And when I came in sight said flat,  
'What's this yer game Cissy is at?  
She's thrown me off, and taken pity  
On an Apostle from the City.  
Five wives already, too, has he—  
Poor cussed things as e'er I see—  
Does she mean *mischief* or a *lark*?  
Waal, all the men at thet look'd dark,  
And scratch'd their heads and seem'd in  
doubt.

At last her brother Jim spoke out—  
'Joe, don't blame *us*—by George, it's true,  
We're chawed by this as much as you;  
We've done our best and tried and tried,  
But Ciss is off her head with pride.

And all her thoughts, both night and day,  
Are with the Apostles fur away.  
"O that I were in bliss with them  
Theer in the new Jerusalem!"  
She says ; and when we laugh and sneer,  
Ses we're jest raging wolves down here.  
She's a bit dull at home d'ye see,  
Allays liked heaps of company,  
And now the foolish critter paints  
A life of larks among the Saints.  
We've done our best, don't hev a doubt,  
To keep the old Apostle out :  
We've trained the dogs to seize and bite him,  
We've got up ghosts at night to fright him,  
Doctor'd his hoss and so upset him,  
Put tickle-grass in bed to fret him,  
Jalap'd his beer and snuffed his tea too,  
Gunpowder in his pipe put free too ;  
A dozen times we've well-nigh kill'd him,  
We've skeer'd him, shaken him, and spill'd  
him :

In fact, done all we deer,' said Jim,  
'Against a powerful man like him ;  
But all in vain we've hed our sport ;  
Jest like a cat that *can't* be hurt,  
With nine good lives if he hev one  
Is this same Hiram Higginson !' "

V.

JOE ENDS HIS STORY.—FIRST GLIMPSE OF UTAH.

Joe paused, for down the mountain's brow  
His hastening horses trotted now.  
Into a canyon green and bright,  
Thro' which a beck was sparkling bright  
Quickly we wound. Joe Wilson lit  
His cutty pipe, and suck'd at it  
In silence grim ; and when it drew,  
Puff after puff of smoke he blew,  
With blank eye fixed on vacancy.  
At last he turned again to me,  
And spoke with bitter indignation  
The epilogue of his narration,

“Waal, stranger, guess my story's told,  
The Apostle beat and I was bowl'd.

Reckon I might have won if I  
Had allays been at hand to *try*;  
But I was busy out of sight,  
And he was theer, morn, noon, and night,  
Playing his cards, and waal it weer  
For him I never caught him theer.  
To cut the story short, I guess  
He got the Prophet to say 'yes,'  
And Cissy without much ado  
Gev her consent to hev him too;  
And one fine morning off they druv  
To what he called the Abode of Love—  
A dern'd old place, it seems to me,  
Jest like a dove-box on a tree,  
Where every lonesome woman-soul  
Sits shivering in her own hole,  
And on the outside, free to choose,  
The old cock-pigeon struts and coos.  
I've heard from many a one that Ciss  
Has found her blunder out by this,

And she'd prefer for company  
A brisk young chap, tho' poor, like me,  
Than the sixth part of him she's won—  
The holy Hiram Higginson.  
I've got a peep at her since then,  
• When she's crawl'd out of thet theer den,  
But she's so pale and thin and tame  
I shouldn't know her for the same.  
No flesh to pinch upon her cheek,  
Her legs gone thin, no voice to speak,  
Dabby and crush'd, and sad and flabby,  
Sucking a wretched squeaking baby ;  
And all the fun and all the light  
Gone from her face, and left it white.  
Her cheek 'll take a feeble flush,  
But hasn't blood enough to blush ;  
Tries to seem modest, peart and sly,  
And brighten up if I go by,  
But from the corner of her eyes  
Peeps at me quietly, and sighs.

Reckon her luck has been a stinger !  
She'd bolt if I held up my finger ;  
But tho' I'm rough, and wild, and free,  
Take a *Saint's* leavings—no, not me !  
You've heerd of Vampires—them that rise  
At dead o' night with flaming eyes,  
And into women's beds 'll creep  
To suck their blood when they're asleep.  
I guess these Saints are jest the same,  
Sucking the life out is their game ;  
And tho' it ain't in the broad sun  
Or in the open streets it's done,  
There ain't a woman they clap eyes on  
Their teeth don't touch, their touch don't pison ;  
Thet's their dern'd way in this yer spot—  
Grrr ! git along, hoss ! dern you, trot !”

From pool to pool the wild beck sped  
Beside us, dwindled to a thread.

With mellow verdure fringed around  
It sang along with summer sound :  
Here gliding into a green glade ;  
Here darting from a nest of shade  
With sudden sparkle and quick cry,  
As glad again to meet the sky ;  
Here whirling off with eager will  
And quickening tread to turn a mill ;  
Then stealing from the busy place  
With duskier depths and wearier pace.  
In the blue void above the beck  
Sailed with us, dwindled to a speck,  
The hen-hawk ; and from pools below  
The blue-wing'd heron oft rose slow,  
And upward pass'd with measured beat  
Of wing to seek some new retreat.  
Blue was the heaven and darkly bright,  
Suffused with throbbing golden light,  
And in the burning Indian ray  
A million insects hummed at play.

Soon, by the margin of the stream,  
We passed a driver with his team  
Bound for the City ; then a hound  
Afar off made a dreamy sound ;  
And suddenly the sultry track  
Left the green canyon at our back,  
And sweeping round a curve, behold !  
We came into the yellow gold  
Of perfect sunlight on the plain ;  
And Joe, abruptly drawing rein,  
Said quick and sharp, shading his eyes  
With sunburnt hand, "See, theer it lies—  
Theer's *Sodom* !"

And even as he cried,  
The mighty Valley we descried,  
Burning below us in one ray  
Of liquid light that summer day ;

And far away, 'mid peaceful gleams  
Of flocks and herds and glistening streams,  
Rose, fair as aught that fancy paints,  
The wondrous City of the Saints!

*O Saints that shine around the heavenly Seat!  
What heaven is this that opens at my feet?  
What flocks are these that thro' the golden gleam  
Stray on by freckled fields and shining stream?  
What glittering roofs and white kiosks are these,  
Up-peeping from the shade of emerald trees?  
Whose City is this that rises on the sight  
Fair and fantastic as a city of light  
Seen in the sunset? What is yonder sea  
Opening beyond the City cool and free,  
Large, deep, and luminous, looming thro' the heat,  
And lying at the darkly shadowed feet  
Of the Sierras, which with jagged line  
Burning to amber in the light divine,  
Close in the Valley of the happy land,  
With heights as barren as a dead man's hand?*

*O pilgrim, halt! O wandering heart, give praise!  
Behold the City of these Latter Days!  
Here may'st thou leave thy load and be forgiven,  
And in anticipation taste of Heaven!*

THE CITY OF THE SAINTS.



I.

AMONG THE PASTURES.—SUMMER EVENING  
DIALOGUE.

BISHOP PETE. BISHOP JOSS. STRANGER.

BISHOP PETE.

AH, things down here, as you observe, are getting  
more pernicious,

And Brigham's losing all his nerve, altho' the fix  
is vicious.

Jest as we've rear'd a prosperous place and fill'd  
our holy quivers,

The Yankee comes with dern'd long face to give  
us all the shivers!

And on his jaws a wicked grin prognosticates  
disaster,

And, jest as sure as sin is sin, he means to be  
the master.

"Pack up your traps," I hear him cry, "for here  
there's no remainin',"

And winks with his malicious eye, and progues  
us out of Canaan.

BISHOP JOSS.

It ain't the Yankee that *I* fear, the neighbour nor  
the stranger—

N<sup>o</sup>, no, it's closer home, it's *here*, that I perceive  
the danger.

The wheels of State has gather'd rust, the helm  
wants hands to guide it,

'Tain't from without the biler'll bust, but 'cause  
of steam inside it ;

Yet if we went falootin' less, and made less noise  
and flurry,

It isn't Jonathan, I guess, would hurt us in a hurry.

Bnt there's sedition east and west, and secret revolution,

There's canker in the social breast, rot in the constitution ;

And over half of us, at least, are plunged in mad vexation,

Forgetting how our race increased, our very creed's foundation.

What's our religion's strength and force, its substance, and its story ?

STRANGER.

Polygamy, my friend, of course ! the law of love and glory !

BISHOP PETE.

Stranger, I'm with you there, indeed :—it's been the best of nusses ;

Polygamy is to our creed what meat and drink  
to *us* is.

Destroy that notion any day, and all the rest is  
brittle,

And Mormondom dies clean away like one in  
want of vittle.

It's meat and drink, it's life, it's power! to heaven  
its breath doth win us!

It warms our vitals every hour! it's Holy Ghost  
within us!

Jest lay that notion on the shelf, and all nie's  
springs are frozen!

I've half-a-dozen wives myself, and wish I had a  
dozen!

BISHOP JOSS.

If all the Elders of the State like *you* were sound  
and holy,

P. Shufflebotham, guess our fate were far less  
melancholy.

You air a man of blessed toil, far-shining and  
discerning,

A heavenly lamp well trimm'd with oil, upon the  
altar burning.

And yet for every one of us with equal resolu-  
tion,

There's twenty samples of the Cuss, as mean as  
Brother Clewson.

STRANGER.

St. Abe?

BISHOP JOSS.

Yes, *him*—the snivelling sneak—his very *name* pro-  
vokes me,—

Altho' my temper's milky-meek, he sours me and  
he chokes me.

To see him going up and down with those meek  
lips asunder,

Jest like a man about to drown, with lead to sink  
him under,

His grey hair on his shoulders shed, one leg than  
t'other shorter,  
No end of cuteness in his head, and him—as weak  
as water !

## BISHOP PETE.

And yet how well I can recall the time when Abe  
— was younger—  
Why not a chap among us all went for the notion  
stronger.  
When to the mother-country he was sent to wake  
the sinning,  
He shipp'd young lambs across the sea by *flocks*—  
he was so winning ;  
O but he had a lively style, describing saintly  
blisses !  
He made the spirit pant and smile, and seek sera-  
phic kisses !  
How the bright raptures of the Saint fresh lustre  
seemed to borrow,

While black and awful he did paint the one-wived  
sinner's sorrow!

Each woman longed to be his bride, and by his side  
to slumber—

"The more the blesseder!" he cried, still adding to  
the number.

STRANGER.

How did the gentleman contrive to change his skin  
so quickly?

BISHOP JOSS.

The holy Spirit couldn't thrive because the Flesh  
was sickly!

Tho' day by day he did increase his flock, his soul  
was shallow,

His brains were only candle-grease, and wasted  
down like tallow.

He stoop'd a mighty heap too much, and let his  
household rule him,

The weakness of the man was such that any face  
could fool him.

Aye! made his presence cheap, no doubt, and so  
contempt grew quicker,—

Not measuring his notice out in smallish drams, like  
liquor.

His house became a troublous house, with mischief  
overbrimmin',

And he went creeping like a mouse among the cats  
of women.

Ah, womenfolk are hard to rule, their tricks is most  
surprising,

It's only a dern'd spoony fool goes *sentimental-  
ising!*

But give 'em now and then' a bit of notice and a  
present,

And lor, they're just like doves, that sit on one green  
branch, all pleasant!

But Abe's love was a queer complaint, a sort of  
tertian fever,

Each case he cured of thought the Saint a  
thorough-paced deceiver ;  
And soon he found, he did indeed, with all their  
whims to nourish,  
That Mormonism ain't a creed where fleshly follies  
flourish.

BISHOP PETE.

Ah, right you air ! A creed it is demandin' iron  
mettle !  
A will that quells, as soon as riz, the biling of the  
kettle !  
With wary eye, with manner deep, a spirit over-  
brimmin',  
Like to a shepherd 'mong his sheep, the Saint is  
'mong his women ;  
And unto him they do uplift their eyes in awe and  
wonder ;  
His notice is a blessed gift, his anger is blue  
thunder.

No n'ises vex the holy place where dwell those  
blessed parties ;

Each missus shineth in her place, and blithe and  
meek her heart is !

They sow, they spin, they darn, they hem, their  
blessed babes they dandle,

The Devil never comes to *them*, lit by that holy  
candle !

When in their midst serenely walks their Master,  
and their Mentor,

They're hush'd, as when the Prophet stalks down  
holy church's centre !

They touch his robe, they do not move, those  
blessed wives and mothers,

And, when on one he shineth love, no envy fills the  
others ;

They know his perfect saintliness, and honour his  
affection—

And, if they did object, I guess he'd settle that  
objection !

BISHOP JOSS.

It ain't a passionate flat like Abe can manage  
things in *your* way !

They teased that most etarnal babe, till things were  
in a poor way.

I used to watch his thorny bed, and bust my sides  
with laughter.

*Once* give a female hoss her head you'll never stop  
her after.

It's one thing getting seal'd, and he was mighty  
fond of Sealing,

He'd all the human heat, d'ye see, without the  
saintly feeling.

His were the wildest sets of gals that ever drove  
man silly,

Each full of freaks and fal-de-lals, as frisky as a  
filly.

One pull'd this way, and t'other that, and made his  
life a mockery,

They'd all the feelings of a cat scampaging 'mong  
the crockery.

I saw Abe growing pale and thin, and well I knew  
what ail'd him—

The skunk went stealing out an in, and all his  
spirit failed him ;

And tho' the tanning-yard paid well, and he was  
money-making,

His saintly home was hot as Hell, and, ah ! how he  
was baking !

Why, now and then at evening-time, when his day's  
work was over,

Up this here hill he used to climb and squat  
among the clover,

And with his fishy eye he'd glare across the Rocky  
Mountains,

And wish he was away up there, among the  
heavenly fountains !

I had an aunt, Tabitha Brooks, a virgin under  
fifty,

She warn't so much for pretty looks, but she was  
wise and thrifty:

She'd seen the vanities of life, was good at 'counts  
and brewin'—

Thinks I, "Here's just the sort of wife to save poor  
Abe from ruin."

So, after fooling many a week, and showing him  
she loved him,

And seeing he was shy to *speak*, whatever feelings  
moved him,

At last I took her by the hand, and led her to him  
straightway,

One day when we could see him stand jest close  
unto the gateway.

My words were to the p'int and brief: says I, "My  
brother Clewson,

There'll be an end to all your grief, if you've got  
resolution.

Where shall you find a house that thrives without a  
head that's ruling?

Here is the paragon of wives to teach those others  
schooling!

She'll be to you not only wife, but careful as a  
mother—

A little property for life is hers; you'll share it,  
brother.

I've seen the question morn and eve within your  
eyes unspoken,

You're slow and nervous I perceive, but now—the  
ice is broken.

Here is a guardian and a guide to bless a man and  
grace him ;”

And then I to Tabitha cried, “Go in, old gal—em-  
brace him !”

STRANGER.

Why, that was acting fresh and fair ;—but Abe, was  
he as hearty ?

BISHOP JOSS.

We . . . ll! Abe was never anywhere against a  
*female* party!

At first he seemed about to run, and then we might  
have missed him ;

But Tabby was a tender one, she collar'd him and  
kissed him.

And round his neck she blushing hung, part hold-  
ing, part caressing,

And murmur'd, with a faltering tongue, "O, Abe,  
I'll be a blessing."

And home they walk'd one morning, he just reach-  
ing to her shoulders,

And sneaking at her skirt, while she stared straight  
at all beholders.

Swinging her bonnet by the strings, and setting her  
lips tighter,

In at his door the old gal springs, her grim eyes  
growing brighter ;

And, Lord ! there was the devil to pay, and light-  
ning and blue thunder,

For she was going to have her way, and hold the  
vixens under ;

They would have torn old Abe to bits, they were  
so anger-bitten,  
But Tabby saved him from their fits, as a cat saves  
her kitten.

## STRANGER.

It seems your patriarchal life has got its  
botherations,  
And leads to much domestic strife and infinite  
vexations!  
But when the ladies couldn't lodge in peace one  
house-roof under,  
I thought that 'twas the saintly dodge to give them  
homes asunder?

## BISHOP JOSS.

And you thought right ; it is a plan by many here  
affected—  
Never by *me*—I ain't the man—I'll have my will  
respected.

If all the women of *my* house can't fondly pull  
together,

And each as meek as any mouse, look out for  
stormy weather!—

No, no, I don't approve at all of humouring my  
women,

And building lots of boxes small for each one to  
grow grim in.

I teach them jealousy's a *sin*, and solitude's just  
bearish,

They nuss each other lying-in, each other's babes  
they cherish ;

It is a family jubilee, and not a selfish plea-  
sure,

Whenever one presents to me another infant  
treasure !

All *ekal*, all respected, each with tokens of  
affection,

They dwell together, soft of speech, beneath their  
lord's protection ;

And if by any chance I mark a spark of shindy  
raising,  
I set my heel upon that spark,— before the house  
gets blazing !  
Now that's what Clewson should have done, but  
couldn't thro' his folly,  
For even when Tabby's help was won, he wasn't  
much more jolly.  
Altho' she stopt the household fuss, and husht  
the awful riot,  
The old contrary stupid cuss could not enj'y the  
quiet.  
His house was peaceful as a church, all solemn,  
still, and saintly ;  
And yet he'd tremble at the porch, and look about  
him faintly ;  
And tho' the place was all his own, with hat in  
hand he'd enter,  
Like one thro' public buildings shown, soft tread-  
ing down the centre.

Still, things were better than before, though somewhat trouble-laden,

When one fine day unto his door there came a Yankee maiden.

"Is Brother Clewson in?" she says; and when she saw and knew him,

The stranger gal to his amaze scream'd out and clung unto him.

Then in a voice all thick and wild, exclaim'd that gal unlucky,

"O Sir, I'm Jason Jones's child—he's *dead*—stabb'd in Kentucky!

And father's gone, and O I've come to *you* across the mountains."

And then the little one was dumb, and Abe's eyes gushed like fountains. . . .

He took that gal into his place, and kept her as his daughter—

Ah, mischief to her wheedling face and the bad wind that brought her!

## BISHOP PETE.

I knew that Jones :—used to faloot about Emancipation—

It made your very toe-nails shoot to hear his declamation.

And when he'd made all bosoms swell with wonder at his vigour,

He'd get so drunk he couldn't tell a white man from a nigger !

Was six foot high, thin, grim, and pale,—his troubles can't be spoken—

Tarred, feathered, ridden on a rail, left beaten, bruised, and broken ;

But nothing made his tongue keep still, or stopt his games improper,

Till, after many an awkward spill, he came the final cropper.

## BISHOP JOSS.

. . . That gal was fourteen years of age, and sly with all her meekness ;

It put the fam'ly in a rage, for well they knew  
Abe's weakness.

But Abe (a cuss, as I have said, that any fool  
might sit on)

Was stubborn as an ass's head, when once he  
took the fit on!

And, once he fixed the gal to take, in spite of  
their vexation,

Not all the rows on earth would break his firm  
determination.

He took the naggings as they came, he bowed his  
head quite quiet,

Still mild he was and sad and tame, and ate the  
peppery diet ;

But tho' he seem'd so crush'd to be, when this  
or that one blew up,

He stuck to Jones's Legacy and school'd her till  
she grew up.

Well! there! the thing was said and done, and so  
far who could blame him?

But O he was a crafty one, and sorrow couldn't  
shame him !

That gal grew up, and at eighteen was prettier far  
and neater—

There were not many to be seen about these parts  
to beat her ;

Peart, brisk, bright-eyed, all trim and tight, like  
kittens fond of playing,

A most uncommon pleasant sight at pic-nic or at  
praying.

Then it became, as you'll infer, a simple public  
duty,

To cherish and look after her, considering her  
beauty ;

And several Saints most great and blest now  
offer'd their protection,

And I myself among the rest felt something of  
affection.

But O the selfishness of Abe, all things it beats  
and passes !

As greedy as a two-year babe a-grasping at  
molasses !

When once those Shepherds of the flock began  
to smile and beckon,

He scream'd like any fighting cock, and raised his  
comb, I reckon !

First one was floor'd, then number two, she wouldn't  
look at any ;

Then *my* turn came, although I knew the maiden's  
faults were many.

"My brother Abe," says I, "I come untoe your  
house at present

To offer sister Anne a home which she will find  
most pleasant.

You know I am a saintly man, and all my ways  
are lawful"—

And in a minute he began abusing me most  
awful.

"Begone," he said, "you're like the rest,—wolves,  
wolves with greedy clutches !

Poor little lamb; but in my breast I'll shield her  
from your touches!"

"Come, come," says I, "a gal can't stay a child  
like that for ever,

You'll *hev* to seal the gal some day;" but Abe  
cried fiercely, "Never!"

Says I, "Perhaps it's in your view *yourself* this  
lamb to gather?"

And "If it is, what's that to *you*?" he cried; "but  
I'm her father!

You get along, I know your line, its crushing,  
bullying, wearing,

You'll never seal a child of mine, so go, and don't  
stand staring!"

This was the man once mild in phiz as any farthing  
candle—

A hedgehog now, his quills all riz, whom no one  
dared to handle!

But O I little guessed his deal, nor tried to cir-  
cumvent it,

I never thought he'd dare to *seal* another ; but he  
meant it !

Yes, managed Brigham on the sly, for fear his plans  
miscarried,

And long before we'd time to cry, the two were  
sealed and married.

BISHOP PETE.

Well, you've your consolation now—he's punished  
clean, I'm thinking,

He's ten times deeper in the slough, up to his neck  
and sinking.

There's vinegar in Abe's pale face enough to sour a  
a barrel,

Goes crawling up and down the place, neglecting  
his apparel,

Seems to have lost all heart and soul, has fits of  
absence shocking—

His home is like a rabbit's hole when weasels come  
a-knocking.

And now and then, to put it plain, while falling  
daily sicker,  
I think he tries to float his pain by copious goes of  
liquor.

BISHOP JOSS.

Yes, that's the end of selfishness, it leads to long  
vexation—  
No man can pity Abe, I guess, who knows his  
situation;  
And, Stranger, if this man you meet, don't take  
*him* for a sample,  
Although he speaks you fair and sweet, he's set a  
vile example.  
Because you see him ill at ease, at home, and never  
hearty,  
Don't think these air the tokens, please, of a real  
saintly party!  
No, he's a failure, he's a sham, a scandal to our  
nation,

Not fit to lead a single lamb, unworthy of his  
station ;

No ! if you want a Saint to see, who rules lambs  
when he's got 'em,

Just cock your weather-eye at *me*, or Brother Shuffle-  
botham.

*We* don't go croaking east and west, afraid of  
women's faces,

We bless and we are truly blest in our domestic  
places ;

We air religious, holy men, happy our folds to  
gather,

Each is a loyal citizen, also a husband—rather.

But now with talk you're dry and hot, and weary  
with your ride here,

Jest come and see *my* fam'ly lot,—they're waiting  
tea inside here.

II.

WITHIN THE CITY.—SAINT ABE AND THE SEVEN.

Sister Tabitha, thirty odd,  
Rising up with a stare and a nod ;  
Sister Amelia, sleepy and mild,  
Freckled, Dudu-ish, suckling a child ;  
Sister Fanny, pert and keen,  
Sister Emily, solemn and lean,  
Sister Mary, given to tears,  
Sister Sarah, with wool in her ears ;—  
All appearing like tapers wan  
In the mellow sunlight of Sister Anne.

With a tremulous wave of his hand, the Saint  
Introduces the household quaint,

And sinks on a chair and looks around,  
As the dresses rustle with snakish sound,  
As curtsies are bobb'd, and eyes cast down,  
Some with a simper, some with a frown,  
And Sister Anne, with a fluttering breast,  
Stands trembling and peeping behind the rest.

Every face but one has been  
Pretty, perchance, at the age of eighteen,  
Pert and pretty, and plump and bright ;  
But now their fairness is faded quite,  
And every feature is fashion'd here  
To a flabby smile, or a snappish sneer.  
Before the stranger they each assume  
A false fine flutter and feeble bloom,  
And a little colour comes into the cheek  
When the eyes meet mine, as I sit and speak ;  
But there they sit and look at me,  
Almost withering visibly,

And languidly tremble and try to blow--  
Six pale roses all in a row!

Six? ah, yes; but at hand sits one,  
The seventh, still full of the light of the sun.  
Though her colour terribly comes and goes,  
Now white as a lily, now red as a rose,  
So sweet she is, and so full of light,  
That the rose seems soft, and the lily bright.  
Her large blue eyes, with a tender care,  
Steal to her husband unaware,  
And whenever he feels them he flushes red,  
And the trembling hand goes up to his head!  
Around those dove-like eyes appears  
A redness as of recent tears.  
Alone she sits in her youth's fresh bloom  
In a dark corner of the room,  
And folds her hands, and does not stir,  
And the others scarcely look at her,

But crowding together, as if by plan,  
Draw further and further from Sister Anne.

I try to rattle along in chat,  
Talking freely of this and that—  
The crops, the weather, the mother-land,  
Talk a baby could understand ;  
And the faded roses, faint and meek,  
Open their languid lips to speak,  
But in various sharps and flats, all low,  
Give a lazy "yes" or a sleepy "no."  
Yet now and then Tabitha speaks,  
Snapping her answer with yellow cheeks,  
And fixing the Saint who is sitting by  
With the fish-like glare of her glittering eye,  
Whenever the looks of the weary man  
Stray to the corner of Sister Anne.

Like a fountain in a shady place  
Is the gleam of the sadly shining face—

A fresh spring whither the soul might turn,  
When the road is rough, and the hot sands burn ;  
Like a fount, or a bird, or a blooming tree,  
To a weary spirit is such as she !  
And brother Abe, from his easy chair,  
Looks thither by stealth with an aching care,  
And in spite of the dragons that guard the brink  
Would stoop to the edge of the fount, I think,  
And drink ! and drink !

“ Drink ? Stuff and fiddlesticks,” you cry,  
Matron reader with flashing eye :  
“ Isn’t the thing completely *his*,  
His wife, his mistress, whatever you please ?  
Look at her ! Dragons and fountains ! Absurd !”  
Madam, I bow to every word ;  
But truth is truth, and cannot fail,  
And this is quite a veracious tale.

More like a couple of lovers shy,  
 Who flush and flutter when folk are by,  
 Were man and wife, or (in another  
 And holier parlance) sister and brother.  
 As a man of the world I noticed it,  
 And it made me speculate a bit,  
 For the situation was to my mind  
 A phenomenon of a curious kind—  
 A person in love with his *wife*, 'twas clear,  
 But afraid, when another soul was near,  
 Of showing his feelings in any way  
 Because—there would be the Devil to pay !

The Saint has been a handsome fellow,  
 Clear-eyed, fresh-skinn'd, if a trifle yellow,  
 And his face, though somewhat soft and plain,  
 Ends in a towering mass of brain.

His locks, though still an abundant crop.  
 Are thinning a little at the top.

But you only notice here and there  
The straggling gleam of a silver hair.  
A man by nature rolled round and short,  
Meant for the Merry Andrew's sport,  
But sober'd down by the wear and tear  
Of business troubles and household care :  
Quiet, reticent, gentle, kind,  
Of amorous heart and extensive mind,  
A Saint devoid of saintly sham,  
Is little Brother Abraham.

Brigham's right hand he used to be—  
Mild though he seems, and simple, and free ;  
Sound in the ways of the world, and great  
In planning potent affairs of state ;  
Not bright, nor bumptious, you must know,  
Too retiring for popular show,  
But known to conceive on a startling scale  
Gigantic plans that never fail ;

To hold with a certain secret sense  
The Prophet under his influence,  
To be, I am led to understand,  
The Brain, while the Prophet is the Hand,  
And to see his intellectual way  
Thro' moral dilemmas of every day,  
By which the wisest are led astray.

Here's the Philosopher!—here he sits,  
Here, with his vaguely wandering wits,  
Among the dragons, as I have said,  
Smiling, and holding his hand to his head.  
What mighty thoughts are gathering now  
Behind that marble mass of brow?  
What daring schemes of polity  
To set the popular conscience free,  
And bless humanity, planneth he?  
His talk is idle, a surface-gleam,  
The ripple on the rest of the stream,

But his thoughts — ah, his *thoughts* — where do  
they fly,

While the wretched roses under his eye  
Flutter and peep? and in what doth his plan  
Turn to the counsel of Sister Anne?  
For his eyes give ever a questioning look,  
And the little one in her quiet nook  
Flashes an answer, and back again  
The question runs to the Brother's brain,  
And the lights of speculation flit  
Over his face and trouble it.

Follow his eyes once more, and scan  
The fair young features of Sister Anne :  
Frank and innocent, and in sooth  
Full of the first fair flush of youth.  
Quite a child—nineteen years old ;  
Not gushing, and self-possessed, and bold,  
Like our Yankee women at nineteen,  
But low of voice, and mild of mien—

do  
More like the fresh young fruit you see  
In the mother-land across the sea—  
More like that rosiest flower on earth,  
A blooming maiden of English birth,  
Such as we find them yet awhile  
Scatter'd about the homely Isle,  
Not yet entirely eaten away  
By the canker-novel of the day,  
Or curling up and losing their scent  
In a poisonous dew from the Continent.

There she sits, in her quiet nook,  
Still bright tho' sadden'd; and while I look,  
My heart is filled and my eyes are dim,  
And I hate the Saint when I turn to him!  
Ogre! Blue Beard! Oily and sly!  
His meekness a cheat, his quiet a lie!  
A roaring lion he'll walk the house  
Tho' now he crouches like any mouse!  
Had not he pluck'd enough and to spare  
Of roses like these set fading there,

But he must seek to cajole and kiss  
Another yet, and a child like this ?  
A maid on the stalk, just panting to prove  
The honest joy of a virgin love ;  
A girl, a baby, an innocent child,  
To be caught by the first man's face that smiled !  
Scarce able the difference to fix  
Of polygamy and politics !  
Led to the altar like a lamb,  
And sacrificed to the great god *Sham* !  
Deluded, martyr'd, given to woe,  
Last of seven who have perish'd so ;  
For who can say but the flowers I see  
Were once as rosy and ripe as she ?

Already the household worm has begun  
To feed on the cheeks of the little one ;  
Already her spirit, fever-fraught,  
Droops to the weight of its own thought ;

Already she saddens and sinks and sighs,  
Watched by the jealous dragonish eyes.  
Even Amelia, sleepy and wan,  
Sharpens her orbs as she looks at Anne ;  
While Sister Tabby, when she can spare  
Her gaze from the Saint in his easy-chair,  
Fixes her with a gorgon glare.

All is still and calm and polite,  
The Sisters bolster themselves upright,  
And try to smile, but the atmosphere  
Is charged with thunder and lightning here.  
Heavy it seems, and close and warm,  
Like the air before a summer storm ;  
And at times,—as in that drowsy dream  
Preluding thunder, all sounds will seem  
Distinct and ominously clear,  
And the far-off cocks seem crowing near ;—  
Ev'n so in the pauses of talk, each breast  
Is strangely conscious of the rest,

And the tick of the watch of Abe the Saint  
Breaks on the air, distinct though faint,  
Like the ticking of his heart !

I rise

To depart, still glancing with piteous eyes  
On Sister Anne ; and I find her face  
Turn'd questioning still to the same old place—  
The face of the Saint. I stand and bow,  
Curtsies again are bobbing now,  
Dresses rustling. . . I know no more  
Till the Saint has led me to the door,  
And I find myself in a day-dream dim,  
Just after shaking hands with him,  
Standing and watching him sad and slow  
Into the dainty dwelling go,  
With a heavy sigh, and his hand to his head.

. . . Hark, *distant thunder!*—'tis as I said :  
The air was far too close ;—at length  
The Storm is breaking in all its strength.

III.

PROMENADE—MAIN STREET, UTAH.

THE STRANGER.

Along the streets they're thronging, walking,  
Clad gaily in their best and talking,

Women and children quite a crowd ;  
The bright sun overhead is blazing,  
The people sweat, the dust they're raising  
Arises like a golden cloud.

Still out of every door they scatter,  
Laughing and light. Pray what's the matter,  
That such a flock of folks I see ?

## A LOUNGER.

They're off to hear the Prophet patter,  
This yer's a day of jubilee.

## VOICES.

Come along, we're late I reckon. . .  
There's our Matt, I see him beckon. . .  
How d'ye do, marm? glad to meet you. . .  
Silence, Hiram, or I'll beat you. . .  
Emm, there's brother Jones a-looking. . .  
Here's warm weather, how I'm cooking!

## STRANGER.

Afar the hills arise with cone and column  
Into a sky of brass serene and solemn;  
And underneath their shadow in one haze  
Of limpid heat the great salt waters blaze,  
While faint and filmy through the sultry veil  
The purple islands on their bosom sail

Like floatin<sup>g</sup> clouds of dark fantastic air.  
How strangely sounds (while 'mid the Indian  
glare  
Moves the gay crowd of people old and young)  
The bird-like chirp of the old Saxon tongue!  
The women seem half weary and half gay,  
Their eyes droop in a melancholy way,  
I have not seen a merry face to-day.

## A BISHOP.

That's a smart hoss you're riding, brother!  
How are things looking, down with you?

## SECOND BISHOP.

Not over bright with one nor 'tother,  
Taters are bad, tomatoes blue.  
You've heer'd of Brother Simpson's losses? --  
Buried his wife and spiled his hay.  
And the three best of Hornby's hosses  
Some Injun cuss has stol'n away.

## VOICES.

Zoë, jest fix up my gown. . .  
There's my hair a-coming down. . .  
Drat the babby, he's so crusty—  
It's the heat as makes him thusty. . .  
Come along, I'm almost sinking. . .  
There's a stranger, and he's winking.

## STRANGER.

That was a fine girl with the grey-hair'd lady,  
How shining were her eyes, how true and  
steady,  
Not drooping down in guilty Mormon fashion,  
But shooting at the soul their power and passion.  
That's a big fellow, six feet two, not under,  
But how he struts, and looks as black as thunder,  
Half glancing round at his poor sheep to scare  
'em—  
Six, seven, eight, nine,—O Abraham, what a  
harem!

All berry brown, but looking scared as may be,  
And each one but the oldest with a baby.

A GIRL.

Phœbe!

ANOTHER.

Yes, Grace!

FIRST GIRL.

Don't seem to notice, dear,  
That Yankee from the camp again is here,  
Making such eyes, and following on the sly,  
And coughing now and then to show he's nigh.

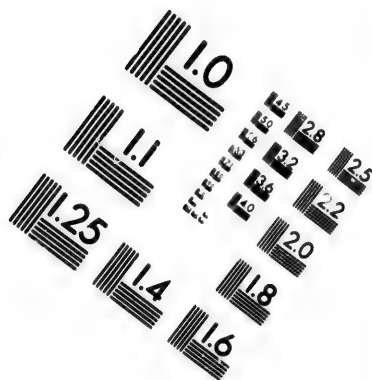
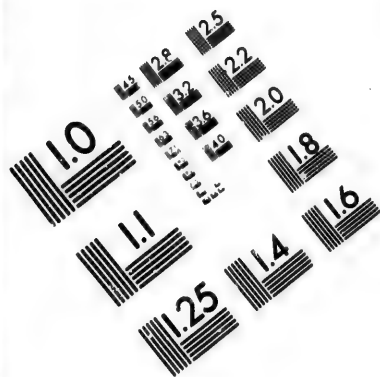
SECOND GIRL.

Who's that along with him—the little scamp  
Shaking his hair and nodding with a smile?

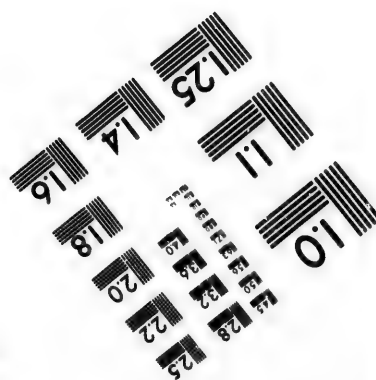
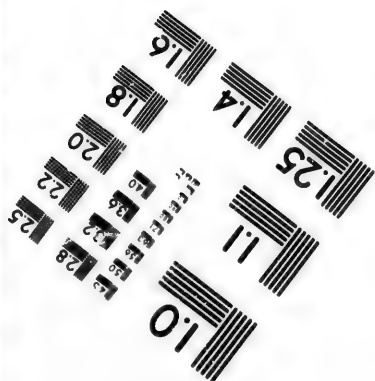
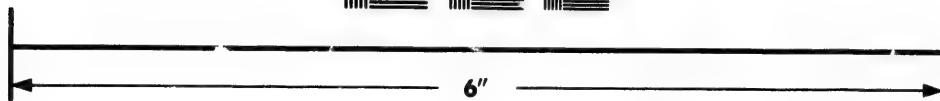
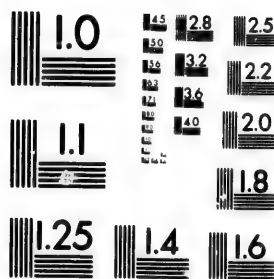
FIRST GIRL.

Guess he's some new one just come down to  
camp.





# **IMAGE EVALUATION TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



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SECOND GIRL.

Isn't he handsome?

FIRST GIRL.

No; the first's my style!

STRANGER.

If my good friends, the Saints, could get their  
will,

These Yankee officers would fair but ill;

Wherever they approach the folk retire,

As if from veritable coals of fire;

With distant bow, set lips, and half-hid frown,

The Bishops pass them in the blessed town;

The women come behind like trembling sheep,

Some freeze to ice, some blush and steal a peep.

And often, as a band of maidens gay

Comes up, each maid ceases to talk and play,

Droops down her eyes, and does not look their  
way;

But after passing where the youngsters pine,  
All giggle as at one concerted sign,  
And tripping on with half-hush'd merry cries,  
Look boldly back with laughter in their eyes!

## VOICES.

Here we are, . . how folk are pushing . . .  
Mind the babby in the crushing. . .  
Pheemy! . . Yes, John! . . Don't go staring  
At that Yankee—it's past bearing.  
Draw your veil down while he passes,  
Reckon you're as bold as brass is.

## ABE CLEWSON.

*[Passing with his hand to his head, attended by his  
Wives.]*

Head in a whirl, and heart in a flutter,  
Guess I don't know the half that I utter.

Too much of this life is beginning to try me,  
I'm like a dern'd miller the grind always nigh  
me ;  
Praying don't soothe me nor comfort me any,  
My house is too full and my blessings too many—  
The ways o' the wilderness puzzle me greatly.

## SISTER TABITHA.

Do walk like a Christian, and keep kind o'  
stately !  
And jest keep an eye on those persons behind  
you,  
You call 'em your Wives, but they tease you and  
blind you ;  
Sister Anne's a disgrace, 'tho' you think her a  
martyr,  
And she's tuck'd up her petticoat nigh to her  
garter.

STRANGER.

What group is this, begrim'd with dust and heat,  
Staring like strangers in the open street?  
The women, ragged, wretched, and half dead,  
Sit on the kerbstone hot and hang the head,  
And clustering at their side stand children brown,  
Weary, with wondering eyes on the fair town.  
Close by in knots beside the unhorsed team  
The sunburn'd men stand talking in a dream,  
For the vast tracts of country left behind  
Seem now a haunting mirage in the mind.  
Gaunt miners folding hands upon their breasts,  
    Big-jointed labourers looking ox-like down,  
And sickly artizans with narrow chests  
    Still pallid from the smoke of English town.  
Hard by to these a group of Teutons stand,  
Light-hair'd, blue-eyed, still full of Fatherland,

With water-loving Northmen, who grow gay  
To see the mimic sea gleam far away.  
Now to this group, with a sharp questioning face,  
Cometh a holy magnate of the place  
In decent black ; shakes hands with some ; and  
then  
Begins an eager converse with the men :  
All brighten ; even the children hush their cries,  
And the pale women smile with sparkling eyes.

## BISHOP.

The Prophet welcomes you, and sends  
His message by my mouth, my friends ;  
He'll see you snug, for on this shore  
There's heaps of room for millions more ! . .  
Scotchman, I take it ? . . Ah, I know  
Glasgow—was there a year or so. . .  
And if *you* don't from Yorkshire hail,  
I'll—ah, I thought so ; seldom fail.

Make yourselves snug and rest a spell,  
There's liquor coming—meat as well.  
All welcome! We keep open door—  
Ah, *we* don't push away the poor;  
Tho' he's a fool, you understand,  
Who keeps poor long in this here land.  
The land of honey you behold—  
Honey and milk—silver and gold!

## AN ARTIZAN.

Ah, that's the style—Bess, just you hear it;  
Come, come, old gal, keep up your spirit:  
Silver and gold, and milk and honey,  
This is the country for our money!

## A GERMAN.

Es lebe die Stadt! es lebe dran!  
Das heilige Leben steht mir an!

## A NORTHMAN.

Taler du norske?

BISHOP.

[*Shaking his head, and turning with a wink to the English.*]

No, not me!

Saxon's the language of the free :  
The language of the great Evangers !  
The language of the Saints and Angels !  
The only speech that Joseph knew !  
The speech of him and Brigham too !  
Only the speech by which we've thriven  
Is comprehended up in Heaven ! . .  
Poor heathens ! but we'll make 'em spry,  
They'll talk like Christians by and by.

STRANGER.

[*Strolling out of the streets.*]

From east, from west, from every worn-out land,  
Yearly they stream to swell this busy band.

Out of the fever'd famine of the slums,  
From sickness, shame, and sorrow, Lazarus comes,  
Drags his sore limbs o'er half the world and sea,  
Seeking for freedom and felicity.  
The sewer of ignorance and shame and loss,  
Draining old Europe of its dirt and dross,  
Grows the great City by the will of God ;  
While wondrously out of the desert sod,  
Nourished with lives unclean and weary hearts,  
The new faith like a splendid weed upstarts.  
A splendid weed ! rather a fair wild flower,  
Strange to the eye in its first birth of power,  
But bearing surely in its breast the seeds  
Of higher issues and diviner deeds.  
Changed from Sahara to a fruitful vale  
Fairer than ever grew in fairy tale,  
Transmuted into plenteous field and glade  
By the slow magic of the white man's spade,  
Grows Deseret, filling its mighty nest  
Between the eastern mountains and the west,

While—who goes there? What shape antique  
looks down

From this green mound upon the festive town,  
With tall majestic figure darkly set  
Against the sky in dusky silhouette?  
Strange his attire: a blanket edged with red  
Wrapt royally around him; on his head  
A battered hat of the strange modern sort  
Which men have christened “chimney pots” in  
sport;

Mocassins on his feet, fur-fringed and grand,  
And a large green umbrella in his hand,  
Pensive he stands with deep-lined dreamy face,  
Last living remnant of the mighty race  
Who on these hunting-fields for many a year  
Chased the wild buffalo, and elk, and deer.  
Heaven help him! In his mien grief and despair  
Seem to contend, as he stands musing there;  
Until he notices that I am nigh,  
And lo! with outstretched hands and glistening  
eye

Swift he descends—Does he mean mischief? No;  
He smiles and beckons as I turn to go.

INDIAN.

Me Medicine Crow, White man gib drink to me.  
Great chief; much squaw; papoose, sah, one, two,  
three!

STRANGER.

With what a leer, half wheedling and half winking,  
The lost one imitates the act of drinking;  
His nose already, to his woe and shame,  
Carbuncled with the white man's liquid flame!  
Well, I pull out my flask, and fill a cup  
Of burning rum—how quick he gulps it up;  
And in a moment in his trembling grip  
Thrusts out the cup for more with thirsty lip.

But no !—already drunken past a doubt,  
Degenerate nomad of the plains, get out !

*[A railway whistle sounds in the far distance.]*

Fire-hearted Demon tamed to human hand,  
Rushing with smoky breath from land to land,  
Screaming aloud to scare with rage and wrath  
Primeval ignorance before his path,  
Dragging behind him as he runs along  
His lilliputian masters, pale and strong,  
With melancholy sound for plain and hill  
Man's last Familiar Spirit whistles shrill.

Poor devil of the plains, now spent and frail,  
Hovering wildly on the fatal trail,  
Pass on !—there lies thy way and thine abode,  
Get out of Jonathan thy master's road.  
Where ? anywhere !—he's not particular where,  
So that you clear the road, he does not care ;

Off, quick ! clear out ! ay, drink your fill and die ;  
And, since the Earth rejects you, try the Sky !  
And see if He, who sent your white-faced brother  
To hound and drive you from this world you  
    bother,  
Can find a corner for you in another !

IV.

WITHIN THE SYNAGOGUE.—SERMONIZETH THE  
PROPHET.

Sisters and brothers who love the right,  
    Saints whose hearts are divinely beating,  
Children rejoicing in the light,  
    I reckon this is a pleasant meeting.  
Where's the face with a look of grief?—  
    Jehovah's with us and leads the battle ;  
We've had a harvest beyond belief,  
    And the signs of fever have left the cattle ;  
All still blesses the holy life  
    Here in the land of milk and honey.

FEMININE WHISPERS.

Brother Shuttleworth's seventeenth wife, . .  
Her with the heer brushed up so funny !

THE PROPHET.

Out of Egypt hither we flew,  
Through the desert and rocky places ;  
The people murmur'd, and all look'd blue,  
The bones of the martyr'd filled our traces.  
Mountain and valley we crawl'd along,  
And every morning our hearts beat quicker.  
Our flesh was weak, but our souls were strong,  
And we managed to carry some kegs of liquor.  
At last we halted on yonder height,  
Just as the sun in the west was blinking.

FEMININE WHISPERS.

Isn't Jedge Hawkins's last a fright ? . . .  
I'm suttin that Brother Abe's been drinking !

## THE PROPHET.

That night, my lambs, in a wondrous dream,  
I saw the gushing of many fountains ;  
Soon as the morning began to beam,  
Down we went from yonder mountains,  
Found the water just where I thought,  
Fresh and good, though a trifle gritty,  
Pitch'd our tents in the plain, and wrought  
The site and plan of the Holy City.  
“Pioneers of the blest,” I cried,  
“Dig, and the Lord will bless each spade-  
ful.”

## FEMININE WHISPERS.

Brigham's sealed to another Bride. . .  
How worn he's gittin'! he's aging dread-  
ful.

THE PROPHET.

This is a tale so often told,  
The theme of every eventful meeting ;  
Yes ! you may smile and think it old ;  
But yet it's a tale that will bear repeating.  
That's how the City of Light began,  
That's how we founded the saintly nation,  
All by the spade and the arm of man,  
And the aid of a special dispensation.  
"Work" was the word when we begun,  
"Work" is the word now we have plenty.

FEMININE WHISPERS.

Heard about Sister Euphemia's son ? . .  
Sealing already, though only twenty ! .

THE PROPHET.

I say just now what I used to say,  
Though it moves the heathens to mock and  
laughter,

From work to prayer is the proper way—  
Labour first, and Religion after.  
Let a big man, strong in body and limb,  
Come here inquiring about his Maker,  
This is the question I put to him,  
“Can you grow a cabbage, or reap an acre?”  
What’s the soul but a flower sublime,  
Grown in the earth and upspringing surely?

## FEMININE WHISPERS.

O yes! she’s had a most dreadful time!  
Twins, both thriving, though she’s so poorly.

## THE PROPHET.

Beauty, my friends, is the crown of life,  
To the young and foolish seldom granted;  
After a youth of honest strife  
Comes the reward for which you’ve panted.

O blessed sight beyond compare,  
 When life with its halo of light is rounded,  
 To see a Saint with reverend hair  
 Sitting like Solomon love-surrounded !  
 One at his feet and one on his knee,  
 Others around him, blue-eyed and dreamy !

FEMININE WHISPERS.

All very well, but as for *me*,  
 My man had better !—I'd *pison* him, Pheemy !

THE PROPHET.

There in the gate of Paradise  
 The Saint is sitting serene and hoary,  
 Tendrils of arms, and blossoms of eyes,  
 Festoon him round in his place of glory ;  
 Little cherubs float thick as bees  
 Round about him, and murmur "father !"

The sun shines bright and he sits at ease,  
Fruit all round for his hand to gather.  
Blessed is he both night and day,  
Floating to Heaven and adding to it!

## FEMININE WHISPERS.

Thought I should have gone mad that day  
He brought a second ; I made him rue it !

## THE PROPHET.

Sisters and Brothers by love made wise,  
Remember, when Satan attempts to quell  
you,  
If this here Earth isn't Paradise  
You'll never see it, and so I tell you.  
Dig and drain, and harrow and sow,  
God will bless you beyond all measure ;  
Labour, and meet with reward below,  
For what is the end of all labour? Pleasure !

Labour's the vine, and pleasure's the grape,  
The one delighting, the other bearing.

FEMININE WHISPERS.

Higginson's third is losing her shape.  
She hes too many—it's dreadful wearing.

THE PROPHET.

But I hear some awakening spirit cry,  
"Labour is labour, and all men know it ;  
But what is pleasure ?" and I reply,  
Grace abounding and Wives to show it !  
Holy is he beyond compare  
Who tills his acres and takes his blessing,  
Who sees around him everywhere  
Sisters soothing and babes caressing.  
And *his* delight is Heaven's as well,  
For swells he not the ranks of the chosen ?

## FEMININE WHISPERS.

Martha is growing a handsome gel. . .

Three at a birth?—that makes the dozen!

## THE PROPHET.

Learning's a shadow, and books a jest,

One Book's a Light, but the rest are human.

The kind of study that I think best

Is the use of a spade and the love of a  
woman.

Here and yonder, in heaven and earth,

By big Salt Lake and by Eden river,

The finest sight is a man of worth,

Never tired of increasing his quiver.

He sits in the light of perfect grace

With a dozen cradles going together!

## FEMININE WHISPERS.

The babby's growing black in the face!

Carry him out—it's the heat of the weather!

THE PROPHET.

A faithful vine at the door of the Lord,  
A shining flower in the garden of spirits,  
A lute whose strings are of sweet accord,  
Such is the person of saintly merits.  
Sisters and brothers, behold and strive  
Up to the level of his perfection ;  
Sow, and harrow, and dig, and thrive,  
Increase according to God's direction.  
This is the Happy Land, no doubt,  
Where each may flourish in his vocation. . .  
Brother Bantam will now give out  
The hymn of love and of jubilation.

V.

THE FALLING OF THE THUNDERBOLT.

Deep and wise beyond expression  
Sat the Prophet holding session,  
And his Elders, round him sitting  
With a gravity befitting,  
Never rash and never fiery,  
Chew'd the cud of each inquiry,  
Weigh'd each question and discussed it,  
Sought to settle and adjust it,  
Till, with sudden indication  
Of a gush of inspiration,  
The grave Prophet from their middle  
Gave the answer to their riddle,

And the lesser lights all holy,  
Round the Lamp revolving slowly,  
Thought, with eyes and lips asunder,  
“*Right*, we reckon, he’s a wonder !”

Whether Boyes, that blessed brother,  
Should be sealed unto another,  
Having, tho’ a Saint most steady,  
Very many wives already ?  
Whether it was held improper,  
If a woman drank, to drop her ?  
Whether unto Brother Fleming  
Formal praise would be beseeching,  
Since from three or four potatoes,  
(Not much bigger than his great toes)  
He’d extracted, to their wonder,  
Four stone six and nothing under ?  
Whether Bigg be reprimanded  
For his conduct underhanded.

Since he'd packed his prettiest daughter  
To a heathen o'er the water ?  
How, now Thompson had departed  
His poor widows, broken-hearted,  
Should be settled ? They were seven,  
Sweet as cherubs up in heaven ;  
Three were handsome, young, and pleasant,  
And had offers on at present—  
Must they take them ? . . These and other  
Questions proffer'd by each brother,  
The great Prophet ever gracious,  
Free and easy, and sagacious,  
Answer'd after meditation  
With sublime deliberation ;  
And his answers were so clever  
Each one whisper'd, " Well I never !"  
And the lesser lights all holy,  
Round the Prophet turning slowly,  
Raised their reverend heads and hoary,  
Thinking, " To the Prophet, glory !

Hallelujah, veneration,  
Reckon that he licks creation !”

Suddenly as they sat gleaming,  
On them came an unbeseeing  
Murmur, tumult, and commotion,  
Like the breaking of the ocean ;  
And before a word was utter'd,  
In rush'd one with voice that fluttered,  
Arms unlifted, face the colour  
Of a bran new Yankee dollar,  
Like a man whose wits are addled,  
Crying—“ *Brother Abe's skedaddled !*”

Then those Elders fearful-hearted  
Raised a loud cry and upstarted,  
But the Prophet, never rising,  
Said, “ Be calm ! this row's surprising !”  
And as each Saint sank unsinew'd  
In his arm-chair he continued :

" Goodman Jones, your cheeks are yellow,  
Tell thy tale, and do not bellow !  
What's the reason of your crying—  
Is our brother *dead* ?—or *dying* !"

As the Prophet spake, supremely  
Hushing all the strife unseemly,  
Sudden in the room there entered  
Shapes on whom all eyes were centered—  
Six sad female figures moaning,  
Trembling, weeping, and intoning,  
" We are widows broken-hearted—  
Abraham Clewson has departed !"

While the Saints again upleaping  
Joined their voices to the weeping,  
For a moment the great Prophet  
Trembled, and look'd dark as Tophet.  
But the cloud pass'd over lightly.  
" Cease !" he cried, but sniffed slightly

“Cease this murmur and be quiet—  
Dead men won’t awake with riot.  
’Tis indeed a loss stupendous—  
When will Heaven his equal send us?  
Speak, then, of our brother cherish’d,  
Was it *fits* by which he perish’d?  
Or did death come even quicker,  
Thro’ a bolting horse or kicker?”

At the Prophet’s question scowling,  
All the wives stood moaning, howling, .  
Crying wildy in a fever,  
“O the villain! the deceiver!”  
But the oldest stepping boldly,  
Curtseying to the Session coldly,  
Cried in voice like cracking thunder,  
“Prophet, don’t you make a blunder!  
Abraham Clewson isn’t dying—  
Hasn’t died, as you’re implying.

No! he's not the man, my brothers,  
To die decently like others!  
Worse! he's from your cause revolted—  
Run away! ske-daddled! bolted!"

Bolted! run away! ske-daddled!  
Like to men whose wits are addled,  
Echoed all those Lights so holy,  
Round the Prophet shining slowly.  
And the Prophet, undissembling,  
Underneath the blow sat trembling,  
While the perspiration hovered  
On his forehead, and he covered  
With one trembling hand his features  
From the gaze of smaller creatures.  
Then at last the high and gifted  
Cough'd and craved with hands uplifted,  
Silence. When 'twas given duly,  
"This," said he, "'s a crusher truly!

Brother Clewson fall'n from glory!  
I can scarce believe your story.  
O my Saints, each in his station,  
Join in prayer and meditation!"

Covering up each eyelid saintly  
With a finger tip, prayed faintly,  
Shining in the church's centre,  
Their great Prophet, Lamp, and Mentor;  
And the lesser Lights all holy,  
Round the Lamp revolving slowly,  
Each upon his seat there sitting,  
With a gravity befitting,  
Bowed their reverend heads and hoary,  
Saying "To the Prophet glory!  
Hallelujah, veneration!  
Reckon that he licks creation!"

Lastly, when the trance was ended,  
And, with face where sorrow blended

Into pity and compassion,  
Shone the Light in common fashion;  
Forth the Brother stept who brought them  
First the news which had distraught them,  
And, while stood the Widows weeping,  
Gave into the Prophet's keeping  
A seal'd paper, which the latter  
Read, as if 'twere solemn matter—  
Gravely pursing lips and nodding,  
While they watch'd in dark foreboding,  
Till at last, with voice that quivered,  
He these woeful words delivered:—

“Sisters, calm your hearts unruly,  
'Tis an awful business truly;  
Weeping now will save him never,  
He's as good as lost for ever;  
Yes, I say with grief unspoken,  
Jest a pane crack'd, smash'd, and broken

In the windows of the Temple—  
Crack'd 's the word—so take example!  
Had he left ye one and all here  
On our holy help to call here,  
Fled alone from *every* fetter,  
I could comprehend it better!  
Flying, not with some strange lady,  
But with her he had already,  
With his own seal'd wife eloping—  
It's a case of craze past hoping!  
List, O Saints, each in his station,  
To the idiot's explanation!"

Then, while now and then the holy  
Broke the tale of melancholy  
With a grunt contempt expressing,  
And the widows made distressing  
Murmurs of recrimination  
Here and there in the narration,  
The great Prophet in affliction  
Read this awful valediction!

VI.

LAST EPISTLE OF ST. ABE TO THE  
POLYGAMISTS.

O Brother, Prophet of the Light!—don't let my  
state distress you,

While from the depths of darkest night I cry,  
“Farewell! God bless you!”

I don't deserve a parting tear, nor even a male-  
diction,

Too weak to fill a saintly sphere, I yield to my  
affliction;

Down like a cataract I shoot into the depths  
below you,

While you stand wondering and mute, my last  
adieu I throw you;

Commending to your blessed care my well-beloved  
spouses,

My debts (there's plenty and to spare to pay them),  
lands, and houses,

My sheep, my cattle, farm and fold, yea, all by  
which I've thriven:

These to be at the auction sold, and to my widows  
given.

Bless them! to prize them at their worth was far  
beyond my merit,

Just make them think me in the earth, a poor  
departed spirit.

I couldn't bear to say good-bye, and see their tears  
up-starting;

I thought it best to pack and fly without the pain  
of parting!

O tell Amelia, if she can, by careful educa-  
tion,

To make her boy grow up a man of strength and  
saintly station!

Tell Fanny to beware of men, and say I'm still her  
debtor—

Tho' she cut sharpish now and then, I think it made  
me better!

Let Emily still her spirit fill with holy consolations—

Seraphic soul, I hear her still a-reading "Revelations!"

Bid Mary now to dry her tears—she's free of her  
chief bother;

And comfort Sarah—I've my fears she's going to be  
a mother;

And to Tabitha give for me a tender kiss of  
healing—

Guilt wrings my soul—I seem to see that well-known  
face appealing!

And now,—before my figure fades for ever from  
your vision,

Before I mingle with the shades beyond your light  
Elysian,

*Now*, while your faces all turn pale, and you raise  
eyes and shiver,

Let me a round unvarnish'd tale (as Shakspeare  
says) deliver ;

And let there be a warning text in my most  
shameful story,

When some poor sheep, perplext and vext, goes  
seeking too much glory.

O Brigham, think of my poor fate, a scandal to  
beholders,

And don't again put too much weight before you've  
tried the shoulders !

Though I'd the intellectual gift, and knew the  
rights and reasons;

Though I could trade, and save, and shift,  
according to the seasons;

Though I was thought a clever man, and was at  
spouting splendid,—

Just think how finely I began, and see how all  
has ended!

In *principle* unto this hour I'm still a holy  
being—

But oh, how poorly is my power proportioned to  
my seeing!

You've all the logic on your side, you're right in  
each conclusion,

And yet how vainly have I tried, with eager  
resolution!

My will was good, I felt the call, although my  
strength was meagre,

There wasn't one among you all to serve the Lord  
more eager!

I never tired in younger days of drawing lambs  
unto me,

My lot was one to bless and praise, the fire of faith  
thrilled through me.

And *you*, believing I was strong, smiled on me like  
a father,—

Said, "Blessed be this man, though young, who  
the sweet lambs doth gather!"

At first it was a time full blest, and all my earthly  
pleasure  
Was gathering lambs unto my breast to cherish and  
to treasure;  
Ay, one by one, for heaven's sake, my female flock  
I found me,  
Until one day I did awake and heard them bleating  
round me,  
And there was sorrow in their eyes, and mute  
reproach and wonder,  
For they perceived to their surprise their Shepherd  
was a blunder.  
O Brigham, think of it and weep, my firm and  
saintly Master—  
*The Pastor trembled at his Sheep, the Sheep despised  
the Pastor!*  
O listen to the tale of dread, thou Light that  
shines so brightly—  
Virtue's a horse that drops down dead if over-  
loaded slightly!

She's all the *will*, she wants to go, she'd carry  
every tittle;

But when you see her flag and blow, just ease  
her of a little!

*One* wife for me was near enough, *two* might have  
fixed me neatly,

*Three* made me shake, *four* made me puff, *five*  
settled me completely,—

But when the *sixth* came, though I still was glad  
and never grumbled,

I took the staggers, kick'd, went ill, and in the  
traces tumbled!

Ah, well may I compare my state unto a beast's  
position—

Unfit to bear a saintly weight, I sank and lost  
condition;

I lack'd the moral nerve and thew, to fill so fine a  
station—

Ah, if I'd had a head like you, and your deter-  
mination!

Instead of going in and out, like a superior  
party,

I was too soft of heart, no doubt, too open, and  
too hearty.

When I *began* with each young sheep I was too free  
and loving,

Not being strong and wise and deep, I set her *feel-*  
*ings* moving ;

And so, instead of noticing the gentle flock in  
common,

I waken'd up that mighty thing—the Spirit of a  
Woman.

Each got to think me, don't you see,—so foolish  
was the feeling,—

Her own especial property, which all the rest  
were stealing!

And, since I could not give to each the whole of  
my attention,

All came to grief, and parts of speech too delicate  
to mention!

Bless them! they loved me far too much, they erred  
in their devotion,

I lack'd the proper saintly touch, subduing mere  
emotion:—

The solemn air sent from the skies, so cold, so  
tranquilizing!

That on the female waters lies, and keeps the same  
from rising,

But holds them down all smooth and bright, and, if  
some wild wind storms 'em,

Comes like a cold frost in the night, and into *ice*  
transforms 'em!

And there, between ourselves, I see the difficulty  
growing,

Since most men are as meek as me, too passionate  
and glowing:

They cannot in *your* royal way dwell like a guest  
from Heaven

Within this tenement of clay, which for the Soul  
is given;

They cannot like a blessed guest come calm and  
strong into it,

Eating and drinking of its best, and calmly gazing  
thro' it.

No, every mortal's not a Saint, and truly very few  
are,

So weak they are, they cannot paint what holy  
men like you are.

Instead of keeping well apart the Flesh and Spirit,  
brother,

And making one with cunning art the nigger of  
the other,

They muddle and confuse the two, they mix and  
twist and mingle,

So that it takes a cunning view to make out  
either single.

The Soul gets mingled with the Flesh beyond all  
separation,

The Body holds it in a mesh of animal sensa-  
tion;

The poor bewildered Being, grown a thing in  
nature double,  
Half light and soul, half flesh and bone, is given up  
to trouble.  
He thinks the instinct of the clay, the glowings of  
the Spirit,  
And when the Spirit has her say, inclines the Flesh  
to hear it.  
The slave of every passing whim, the dupe of every  
devil,  
Inspired by every female limb to love, and light  
and revel,  
Impulsive, timid, weak, or strong, as Flesh or  
Spirit makes him,  
The lost one wildly moans along till mischief over-  
takes him ;  
And when the Soul has fed upon the Flesh till life's  
spring passes,  
Finds strength and health and comfort gone—the  
way of last year's grasses,

And the poor Soul is doom'd to bow, in deep humili-  
ation,  
Within a place that isn't now a decent habitation.

No! keep the Soul and Flesh apart in pious resolu-  
tion,  
Don't let weak flutterings of the heart lead you to  
*my* confusion!  
But let the Flesh be as the *horse*, the Spirit as the  
*rider*,  
And use the snaffle first of course, and ease her up  
and guide her;  
And if she's going to resist, and won't let none go  
past her,  
Just take the *curb* and give a twist, and show her  
you're the Master.  
The flesh is but a temporal thing, and Satan's  
strength is in it,  
Use it, but conquer it, and bring its vice down every  
minute!

Into a woman's arms don't fall, as if you meant to  
stay there,

*Just come as if you'd made a call, and idly found  
your way there ;*

Don't praise her too much to her face, but keep her  
calm and quiet,—

Most female illnesses take place thro' far too warm  
a diet ;

Unto her give your fleshly kiss, calm, kind, and  
patronising,

Then—soar to your own sphere of bliss, before her  
heart gets rising !

Don't fail to let her see full clear, how in your saintly  
station

The flesh is but your nigger here obeying your dic-  
tation ;

And tho' the Flesh be e'er so warm, your Soul the  
weakness smothers

Of loving any female form much better than the  
others !

O Brigham, I can see you smile to hear the Devil  
preaching ;—

Well, I can praise your perfect style, tho' far beyond  
my reaching.

Forgive me, if in shame and grief I vex you with  
digression,

And let me come again in brief to my own dark  
confession.

The world of men divided is into *two portions*,  
brother,

The first are Saints, so high in bliss that they the  
Flesh can smother ;

God meant them from fair flower to flower to flutter,  
smiles bestowing,

Tasting the sweet, leaving the sour, just hovering,  
and going.

The second are a different set, just *halves* of perfect  
Spirits,

Going about in bitter fret, of uncompleted merits,

Till they discover, here or there, their *other half*  
(or woman),

Then these two join, and make a Pair, and so increase the human.

The second Souls inferior are, a lower spirit-order,

Born 'neath a less auspicious star, and taken by soft sawder ;—

And if they do not happen here to find their fair Affinity,

They come to grief and doubt and fear, and end in assininity ;

And if they try the blessed game of those superior to them,

They're very quickly brought to shame,—their passions so undo them.

In some diviner sphere, perhaps, they'll look and grow more holy,—

Meantime they're vessels Sorrow taps and grim Remorse sucks slowly.

Now, Brigham, *I* was made, you see, one of those  
*lower* creatures,  
Polygamy was not for me, altho' I joined its  
preachers.  
Instead of, with a wary eye, seeking the one who  
waited,  
And sticking to her, wet or dry, because the thing  
was fated,  
I snatch'd the first whose beauty stirred my soul  
with tender feeling !  
And then another ! then a third ! and so continued  
Sealing !  
And duly, after many a smart, discovered, sighing  
faintly,  
I *hadn't* found my missing part, and *wasn't* strong  
and saintly !  
O they were far too good for me, altho' their zeal  
betrayed them ;—  
Unfortunately, don't you see, heaven for some other  
made them ;

Each would a downright blessing be, and Peace  
would pitch the tent for her,  
If "she" could only find the "he" originally meant  
for her!

Well, Brother, after many years of bad domestic  
diet,

One morning I woke up in tears, still weary and  
unquiet,

And (speaking figuratively) lo! beside my bed stood  
smiling

*The Woman*, young and virgin snow, but beckoning  
and beguiling.

I started up, my wild eyes rolled, I knew her, and  
stood sighing,

My thoughts throng'd up like bees of gold out of  
the smithy flying.

And as she stood in brightness there, familiar, tho'  
a stranger,

I looked at her in dumb despair, and trembled at  
the danger.

But, Brother Brigham, don't you think the Devil  
could so undo me,  
That straight I rushed the cup to drink too late  
extended to me,  
No, for I hesitated long, ev'n when I found she  
loved me.  
And didn't seem to think it wrong when love and  
passion moved me.  
O Brigham, you're a Saint above, and know not the  
sensation  
The ecstasy, the maddening love, the rapturous  
exultation,  
That fills a man of lower race with wonder past all  
speaking,  
When first he finds in one sweet face the Soul he  
has been seeking!  
When two immortal beings glow in the first fond  
revealing,  
And their inferior natures know the luxury of  
feeling!

But ah, I had already got a quiver-full of blessing,  
ing,

Had blundered, tho' I knew it not, six times  
beyond redressing,

And surely it was time to stop, tho' still my lot  
was lonely :

My house was like a cobbler's shop, full, tho'  
with " misfits " only.

And so I *should* have stopped, I swear, the  
wretchedest of creatures,

Rather than put one mark of care on her beloved  
features :

But that it happen'd Sister Anne (ah, now the  
secret's flitted !)

Was left in this great world of man unto my care  
committed.

Her father, Jason Jones, was dead, a man whose  
faults were many,

" O, be a father, Abe," he said, " to my poor  
daughter, Annie !"

And so I promised, so she came an Orphan to this  
city,

And set my foolish heart in flame with mingled  
love and pity;

And as she prettier grew each day, and throve  
'neath my protection,

*I saw the Saints did cast her way some tokens of  
affection.*

O, Brigham, pray forgive me now;—envy and love  
combining,

I hated every saintly brow, benignantly in-  
clining!

Sneered at their motives, mocked the cause, went  
wild and sorrow-laden,

And saw Polygamy's vast jaws a-yawning for the  
maiden.

Why *not*, you say? Ah, yes, why not, from your  
high point of vision;

But I'm of an inferior lot, beyond the light  
Elysian.

I tore my hair, whined like a whelp, I loved her to  
distraction,

I saw the danger, knew the help, yet trembled at  
the action.

At last I came to you, my friend, and told my tender  
feeling;

You said, "Your grief shall have an end—this is a  
case for Sealing;

And since you have deserved so well, and made no  
heinous blunder,

Why brother Abraham, *take* the gel, but mind you  
keep her under."

Well! then I went to Sister Anne, my inmost heart  
unclothing,

Told her my feelings like a man, concealing next  
to nothing,

Explain'd the various characters of those I had  
already,

The various tricks and freaks and airs peculiar to  
each lady,

And, finally, when all was clear, and hope seem'd  
to forsake me,

"There! it's a wretched chance, my dear—you  
leave me, or you take me."

Well, Sister Annie looked at me, *her* inmost heart  
revealing

(Women are very weak, you see, inferior, full of  
feeling),

Then, thro' her tears outshining bright, "I'll never  
never leave you!

"O Abe," she said, "my love, my light, why should  
I pain or grieve you?

I do not love the way of life you have so sadly  
chosen,

I'd rather be a single wife than one in half a  
dozen;

But now you cannot change your plan, tho' health  
and spirit perish,

And I shall never see a man but you to love and  
cherish.

Take me, I'm yours, and O, my dear, don't think  
I miss your merit,  
I'll try to help a little here your true and loving  
spirit."

"Reflect, my love," I said, "once more," with  
bursting heart, half crying,  
"Two of the girls cut very sore, and most of them  
are trying!"

And then that gentle-hearted maid kissed me and  
bent above me,  
"O Abe," she said, "don't be afraid,—I'll try to  
make them *love* me!"

Ah well! I scarcely stopt to ask myself, till all was  
over,  
How precious tough would be her task who made  
those dear souls love her!  
But I was seal'd to Sister Anne, and straightway to  
my wonder  
A series of events began which show'd me all my  
blunder.

Brother, don't blame the souls who erred thro' their  
excess of feeling—

So angrily their hearts were stirred by my last act  
of sealing ;

But in a moment they forgot the quarrels they'd  
been wrapt in,

And leagued together in one lot, with Tabby for the  
Captain.

Their little tiffs were laid aside, and all combined  
together,

Preparing for the gentle Bride the blackest sort of  
weather.

It wasn't *feeling* made them flout poor Annie in  
that fashion,

It wasn't love turn'd inside out, it wasn't jealous  
passion,

It wasn't that they cared for *me*, or any other  
party,

Their hearts and sentiments were free, their appetites  
were hearty.

But when the pretty smiling face came blossoming  
and blooming,  
Like sunshine in a shady place the fam'ly Vault  
illumining,  
It naturally made them grim to see its sunny  
colour,  
While like a row of tapers dim by daylight, they  
grew duller.  
She tried her best to make them kind, she coaxed  
and served them dumbly,  
She watch'd them with a willing mind, deferred to  
them most humbly ;  
Tried hard to pick herself a friend, but found her  
arts rejected,  
And fail'd entirely in her end, as one might have  
expected.  
But, Brother, tho' I'm loath to add one word to  
criminate them,  
I think their conduct was too bad,—it almost made  
me hate them.

Ah me, the many nagging ways of women are  
amazing,  
Their cleverness solicits praise, their cruelty is  
crazing!  
And Sister Annie hadn't been a single day their  
neighbour,  
Before a baby could have seen her life would be a  
labour.  
But bless her little loving heart, it kept its sorrow  
hidden,  
And if the tears began to start, suppressed the  
same unbidden.  
She tried to smile, and smiled her best, till I thought  
sorrow silly,  
And kept in her own garden nest, and lit it like a  
lily.  
O I should waste your time for days with talk like  
this at present,  
If I described her thousand ways of making things  
look pleasant!

But, bless you, 'twere as well to try, when thunder's  
at its dire work,  
To clear the air, and light the sky, by pennyworths  
of firework.  
These gentle ways to hide her woe and make my  
life a blessing,  
Just made the after darkness grow more gloomy  
and depressing.  
Taunts, mocks, and jeers, coldness and sneers, insult  
and trouble daily,  
A thousand stabs that brought the tears, all these  
she cover'd gaily ;  
But when her fond eyes fell on *me*, the light of love  
to borrow,  
And Sister Anne began to see *I knew* her secret  
sorrow,  
All of a sudden like a mask the loving cheat  
forsook her,  
And reckon I had all my task, for *illness* overtook  
her.

She took to bed, grew sad and thin, seem'd like a  
spirit flying,

Smiled thro' her tears when I went in, but when I  
left fell crying ;

And as she languish'd in her bed, as weak and wan  
as water,

I thought of what her father said, "Take care of  
my dear daughter!"

Then I look'd round with secret eye upon her many  
Sisters,

And close at hand I saw them lie, ready for use—  
like blisters ;

They seemed with secret looks of glee, to keep their  
wifely station ;

They set their lips and sneer'd at me, and watch'd  
the situation.

O Brother, I can scarce express the agony of those  
moments,

I fear your perfect saintliness, and dread your  
cutting comments !

I prayed, I wept, I moan'd, I cried, I anguish'd  
night and morrow,

I watched and waited, sleepless-eyed, beside that  
bed of sorrow.

At last I knew, in those dark days of sorrow and  
disaster,

Mine wasn't soil where you could raise a Saint up,  
or a Pastor ;

In spite of careful watering, and tilling night and  
morning,

The weeds of vanity would spring without a word  
of warning.

I was and ever must subsist, labelled on every  
feature,

A wretched poor *Monogamist*, a most inferior  
creature—

Just half a soul, and half a mind, a blunder and  
abortion,

Not finish'd half till I could find the other missing  
portion !

And gazing on that missing part which I at last  
had found out,

I murmur'd with a burning heart, scarce strong to  
get the sound out,

"If from the greedy clutch of Fate I save this  
chief of treasures,

I will no longer hesitate, but take decided mea-  
sures !

A poor monogamist like me can *not* love half a  
dozen,

Better by far, then, set them free ! and take the  
Wife I've chosen !

Their love for me, of course, is small, a very  
shadowy tittle,

They will not miss my face at all, or miss it very  
little.

I can't undo what I have done, by my forlorn  
embraces,

And call the brightness of the sun again into their  
faces ;

But I *can* save one spirit true, confiding and  
unthinking,

From slowly curdling to a shrew or into swinedom  
sinking."

These were my bitter words of woe, my fears were  
so distressing,

Not that I would reflect—O no!—on any living  
blessing.

Thus, Brother, I resolved, and when she rose, still  
frail and sighing,

I kept my word like better men, and bolted,—and  
I'm flying.

Into oblivion I haste, and leave the world behind  
me,

Afar unto the starless waste, where not a soul shall  
find me.

I send my love, and Sister Anne joins cordially,  
agreeing

I never was the sort of man for your high state of  
being.

Such as I am she takes me, though; and after  
years of trying,

From Eden hand in hand we go, like our first  
parents flying;

And like the bright sword that did chase the  
first of sons and mothers,

Shines dear Tabitha's flaming face, surrounded by  
the others:

Shining it threatens there on high, above the gates  
of heaven,

And faster at the sight we fly, in naked shame,  
forth-driven.

Nothing of all my worldly store I take, 'twould be  
improper,

I go a pilgrim, strong and poor, without a single  
copper.

Unto my Widows I outreach my property com-  
pletely.

There's modest competence for each, if it is  
managed neatly.

That, Brother, is a labour left to your sagacious  
keeping ;—

Comfort them, comfort the bereft ! I'm good as  
dead and sleeping !

A fallen star, a shooting light, a portend, and an  
omen,

A moment passing on the sight, thereafter seen  
by no men !

I go, with backward looking face, and spirit rent  
asunder.

O may you prosper in your place, for you're a  
shining wonder !

So strong, so sweet, so mild, so good !—by  
Heaven's dispensation,

Made Husband to a *multitude* and Father to a  
*nation* !

May all the saintly life ensures increase and make  
you stronger !

Humbly and penitently yours,

A. CLEWSON, (*Saint no longer*).

THE FARM IN THE VALLEY—SUNSET.  
(1871.)



THE FARM IN THE VALLEY.

—:O:—

STILL the saintly City stands,  
Wondrous work of busy hands ;  
Still the lonely City thrives,  
Rich in worldly goods and wives,  
And with thrust-out jaw and set  
Teeth, the Yankee threatens yet—  
Half admiring and half riled,  
Oft by bigger schemes beguiled,  
Turning off his curious stare  
To communities elsewhere,  
Always with unquiet eye  
Watching Utah on the sly.

Long the City of the Plain  
Left its image on my brain :  
White kiosks and gardens bright  
Rising in a golden light ;  
Busy figures everywhere  
Bustling bee-like in the glare ;  
And from dovecots in green places,  
Peep'd out weary women's faces,  
Flushing faint to a thin cry  
From the nursery hard by.  
And the City in my thought  
Slept fantastically wrought,  
Till the whole began to seem  
Like a curious Eastern dream,  
Like the pictures strange we scan  
In the tales Arabian :  
Tales of magic art and sleight,  
Cities rising in a night,  
And of women richly clad,  
Dark-eyed, melancholy, sad,

Ever with a glance uncertain,  
Trembling at the purple curtain,  
Lest behind the black slave stand  
With the bowstring in his hand ;—  
Happy tales, within whose heart  
Founts of weeping eyes upstart,  
Told, to save her pretty head,  
By Scheherazad in bed !

All had faded and grown faint,  
Save the figure of the Saint  
Who that memorable night  
Left the Children of the Light,  
Flying o'er the lonely plain  
From his lofty sphere of pain.  
Oft his gentle face would flit  
O'er *my* mind and puzzle it,  
Ever waking up meanwhile  
Something of a merry smile,

Whose quick light illumined me  
During many a reverie,  
When I puffed my weed alone.

Faint and strange the face had grown,  
Tho' for five long years or so  
I had watched it come and go,  
When, on busy thoughts intent,  
I into New England went,  
And one evening, riding slow  
By a River that I know,  
(Gentle stream! I hide thy name,  
Far too modest thou for fame!)  
I beheld the landscape swim  
In the autumn hazes dim,  
And from out the neighbouring dales  
Heard the thumping of the flails.

All was hush'd ; afar away  
(As a novelist would say)

Sank the mighty orb of day,  
Staring with a hazy glow  
On the purple plain below,  
Where (like burning embers shed  
From the sunset's glowing bed,  
Dying out or burning bright,  
Every leaf a blaze of light)  
Ran the maple swamps ablaze;  
Everywhere amid the haze,  
Floating strangely in the air,  
Farms and homesteads gather'd fair;  
And the river rippled slow  
Thro the marshes green and low,  
Spreading oft as smooth as glass  
As it fringed the meadow grass,  
Making 'mong the misty fields  
Pools like golden gleaming shields.

Thus I walked my steed along,  
Humming a low scrap of song,

Watching with an idle eye  
White clouds in the dreamy sky  
Sailing with me in slow pomp.  
In the bright flush of the swamp,  
While his dogs bark'd in the wood,  
Gun in hand the sportsman stood;  
And beside me, wading deep,  
Stood the angler half asleep,  
Figure black against the gleam  
Of the bright pools of the stream;  
Now and then a wherry brown  
With the current drifted down  
Sunset-ward, and as it went  
Made an oar-splash indolent;  
While with solitary sound,  
Deepening the silence round,  
In a voice of mystery  
Faintly cried the chickadee.

Suddenly the River's arm  
Rounded, and a lonely Farm  
Stood before me blazing red  
To the bright blaze overhead;  
In the homesteads at its side,  
Cattle lowed and voices cried,  
And from out the shadows dark  
Came a mastiff's measured bark.  
Fair and fat stood the abode  
On the path by which I rode,  
And a mighty orchard strown  
Still with apple-leaves wind-blown,  
Raised its branches gnarl'd and bare,  
Black against the sunset air,  
And with greensward deep and dim,  
Wander'd to the River's brim.

Close beside the orchard walk  
Linger'd one in quiet talk

With a man in workman's gear.  
As my horse's feet drew near,  
The labourer nodded rough "good day,"  
Turned his back and loung'd away.  
Then the first, a plump and fat  
Yeoman in a broad straw hat,  
Stood alone in thought intent,  
Watching while the other went,  
And amid the sunlight red  
Paused, with hand held to his head.

In a moment, like a word  
Long forgotten until heard,  
Like a buried sentiment  
Born again to some stray scent,  
Like a sound to which the brain  
Gives familiar refrain,  
Something in the gesture brought  
Things forgotten to my thought;

Memory, as I watched the sight,  
Flashed from eager light to light.  
Remember'd and remember'd not,  
Half familiar, half forgot,  
Stood the figure, till at last,  
Bending eyes on his, I passed,  
Gazed again, as loth to go,  
Drew the rein, stopt short, and so  
Rested, looking back, when he,  
The object of my scrutiny,  
Smiled and nodded, saying! "Yes!  
Stare your fill, young man! I guess  
You'll know me if we meet again!"

In a moment all my brain  
Was illumined at the tone,  
All was vivid that had grown  
Faint and dim, and straight I knew him,  
Holding out my hand unto him,  
Smiled, and called him by his name.

Wondering, hearing me exclaim,  
Abraham Clewson (for 'twas he)  
Came more close and gazed at me.  
As he gazed, a merry grin  
Brighten'd down from eyes to chin :  
In a moment he, too, knew me.  
Reaching out his hand unto me,  
Crying " Track'd, by all that's blue !  
Who'd have thought of seeing *you* ? "

Then, in double quicker time  
Than it takes to make the rhyme,  
Abe, with face of welcome bright,  
Made me from my steed alight ;  
Called a boy, and bade him lead  
The beast away to bed and feed ;  
And, with hand upon my arm,  
Led me off into the Farm,  
Where, amid a dwelling place  
Fresh and bright as her own face,

With gleam of shining ware  
For a background everywhere,  
Free as any summer breeze,  
With a bunch of huswife's keys  
At her girdle, sweet and mild  
Sister Annie blush'd and smiled,—  
While two tiny laughing girls,  
Peeping at me through their curls,  
Hid their sweet shamefacedness  
In the skirts of Annie's dress.

\* \* \* \* \*

That same night the Saint and I  
Sat and talked of times gone by,  
Smoked our pipes and drank our grog  
By the slowly smouldering log,  
While the clock's hand slowly crept  
To midnight, and the household slept.

"Happy?" Abe said with a smile.  
"Yes, in my *inferior* style,  
Meek and humble, not like them  
In the New Jerusalem."  
Here his hand, as if astray,  
For a moment found its way  
To his forehead, as he said,  
"Reckon they believe I'm dead!  
Ah, that life of sanctity  
Never was the life for me.  
Couldn't stand it wet nor dry,  
Hated to see women cry;  
Couldn't bear to be the cause  
Of tiffs and squalls and endless jaws;  
Always felt amid the stir  
Jest a whited sepulchre;  
And I did the best I could  
When I ran away for good.  
Yet for many a night, you know  
(Annie, too, would tell you so),

Couldn't sleep a single wink,  
Couldn't eat, and couldn't drink,  
Being kind of conscience-cleft  
For those poor creatures I had left.  
Not till I got news from there,  
And I found their fate was fair,  
Could I set to work or find  
Any comfort in my mind.  
Well (here Abe smiled quietly),  
Guess they didn't groan for me!  
Fanny and Amelia got  
Sealed to Brigham on the spot;  
Emma soon consoled herself  
In the arms of Brother Delf;  
And poor Mary one fine day  
Packed her traps and tript away  
Down to Fresco with Fred Bates,  
A young player from the States;  
While Sarah, 'twas the wisest plan,  
Pick'd herself a single man—

A young joiner fresh come down  
Out of Texas to the town—  
And he took her with her baby,  
And they're doing well as maybe."

Here the Saint with quiet smile,  
Sipping at his grog the while,  
Paused as if his tale was o'er,  
Held his tongue and said no more.  
"Good," I said, "but have you done?  
You have spoke of all save one—  
All your Widows, so bereft,  
Are most comfortably left,  
But of one alone you said  
Nothing. Is the lady *dead*?"

Then the good man's features broke  
Into brightness as I spoke,  
And with loud guffaw cried he,  
"What, Tabitha? Dead! Not she.

All alone and doing splendid—  
Jest you guess, now, how she's ended !  
Give it up ? This very week  
I heard she's at Oneida Creek,  
All alone and doing hearty,  
Down with Brother Noyes's party.  
Tried the Shakers first, they say,  
Tired of them and went away,  
Testing with a deal of bother  
This community and t'other,  
Till she to Oneida flitted,  
And with trouble got admitted.  
Bless you, she's a shining lamp,  
Tho' I used her like a scamp,  
And she's great in exposition  
Of the Free Love folk's condition,  
Vowing, tho' she found it late,  
'Tis the only happy state. . . .

"As for me," added the speaker,  
"I'm lower in the scale, and weaker ;

Polygamy's beyond my merits,  
Shakerism wears the spirits.  
And as for Free Love, why, you see  
(Here the Saint wink'd wickedly)  
With my whim it might have hung  
Once, when I was spry and young ;  
But poor Annie's love alone  
Keeps my mind in proper tone,  
And tho' my spirit mayn't be strong,  
I'm lively—as the day is long."

As he spoke with half a yawn,  
Half a smile, I saw the dawn  
Creeping faint into the gloom  
Of the quickly-chilling room.  
On the hearth the wood-log lay,  
With one last expiring ray ;  
Draining off his glass of grog,  
Clewson rose and kick'd the log ;

As it crumbled into ashes,  
Watched the last expiring flashes,  
Gave another yawn and said,  
“ Well ! I guess it’s time for bed !”

THE END.

